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Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



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MODERN SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Du Barry Was A Lady" has started something.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or rather, it has re-started something—which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera.

★ ★ ★



They all come back with raves about the merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolorful song-comedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, "Rags" Ragland, Zero Mostel, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.





Roy Del Ruth directed. Arthur Freed produced. Irving Brecher wrote the screenplay, Nancy Hamilton adapted and Wilkie Mahoney contributed additional dialogue.

★ ★ ★ ★

But back to the composite American Beauty. It turned out they selected the following features of the Du Barry girls:

★ ★ ★ ★

Kay Aldridge's profile . . . . pert and perfect
Hazel Brooks' legs . rounded and symmetrical
Kay Williams' arms . . . . . ditto
Inez Cooper's hands . . delicate and angular
Georgia Carroll's eyes . "Drink to me only..."
Natalie Draper's lips . . lips you love to touch
Mary Jane French's hair . . glory as a crown
Aileen Haley's bust . . . Venus with arms
Ruth Ownbey's hips . . . hip! hip! hurray!
Theo Coffman's feet . . . . . perfect pedals
Dorothy Haas' ankles . shapely is the word
Eve Whitney's waist . . . embraceable Eve

★ ★ ★ ★

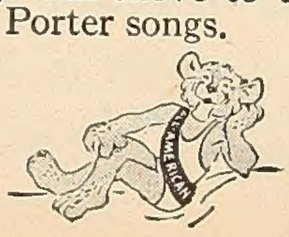
If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was A Lady", best musical of the year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Recommended by the composite American lion. —Leo



STORIES

COLOR PORTRAITS

FEATURES

BEAUTY

FASHION

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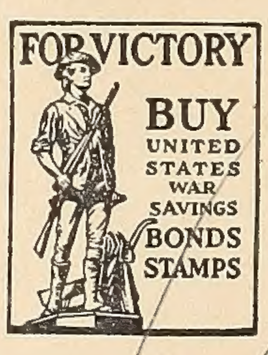
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HENRY P. MALMGREEN, *Associate Editor*
SYLVIA WALLACE, *Hollywood Editor*
CONRAD W. WIENK, *Art Editor*

Editorial Assistant: Kay Hardy, Annette Bellinger, Sylvia Katz
Staff Photographer: Walt Davis



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THE BIG SHOW IS BIGGER THAN EVER!



RED SKELTON

AND

RED-HEADED LUCILLE BALL

Broadway's Sensational Musical Comedy is M-G-M's biggest musical screen entertainment now—with

more pretty girls
more peppy dancing
more pulsing rhythms
more FUN and funsters

than you've ever seen before!

ALL THIS...AND TECHNICOLOR, TOO!



It's Gene Kelly! You brought him and his tap-happy feet to stardom in "For Me and My Gal"!



Meet Zero Mostel—and laugh! Screen debut for the comic sensation of N. Y.'s night spots!



"Red" Skelton and gorgeous red-headed Lucille Ball "double-dood it"! They're really terrific!



Chuckles and jive from dead-pan Virginia O'Brien. Hear her sing Cole Porter's "Friendship".



Stop—look—and listen! Tommy Dorsey—his trombone—and his band! What music! Hold tight!

DuBarry was a Lady

Starring

RED SKELTON · LUCILLE BALL · GENE KELLY

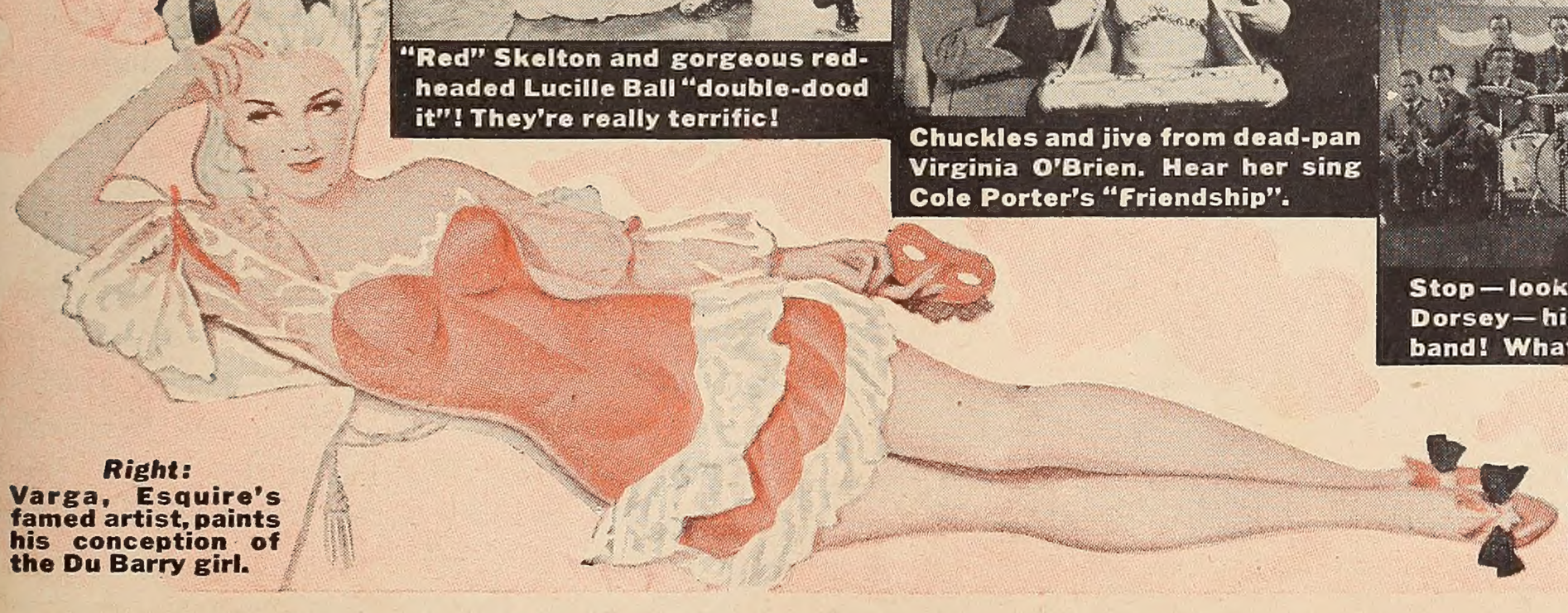
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN · "RAGS" RAGLAND · ZERO MOSTEL

with

TOMMY DORSEY and his ORCHESTRA

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by Irving Brecher · Adaptation by Nancy Hamilton
Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH · Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Right: Varga, Esquire's famed artist, paints his conception of the Du Barry girl.

Sing

"Do I Love You!", "Salome" "Friendship", "Madame, I Like Your Crepes Suzettes", "Du Barry Was a Lady", "I Love An Esquire Girl"

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold



When a German troop plane lands in nearby oasis, Colin and his 3 men attack with hand grenades. Awakening in Cairo hospital, he's decorated for bravery, later returns to London to wed Valentine (Maureen O'Hara).



Following Italian bombing attack, remaining members of British Patrol (Morton Lowry, Allyn Joslyn, Melville Cooper, Henry Fonda) find themselves lost in desert.



In fracas with German armored car, leader Kelly (Thomas Mitchell) is wounded and turns over command to Colin (Fonda) to bring men to safety.

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT

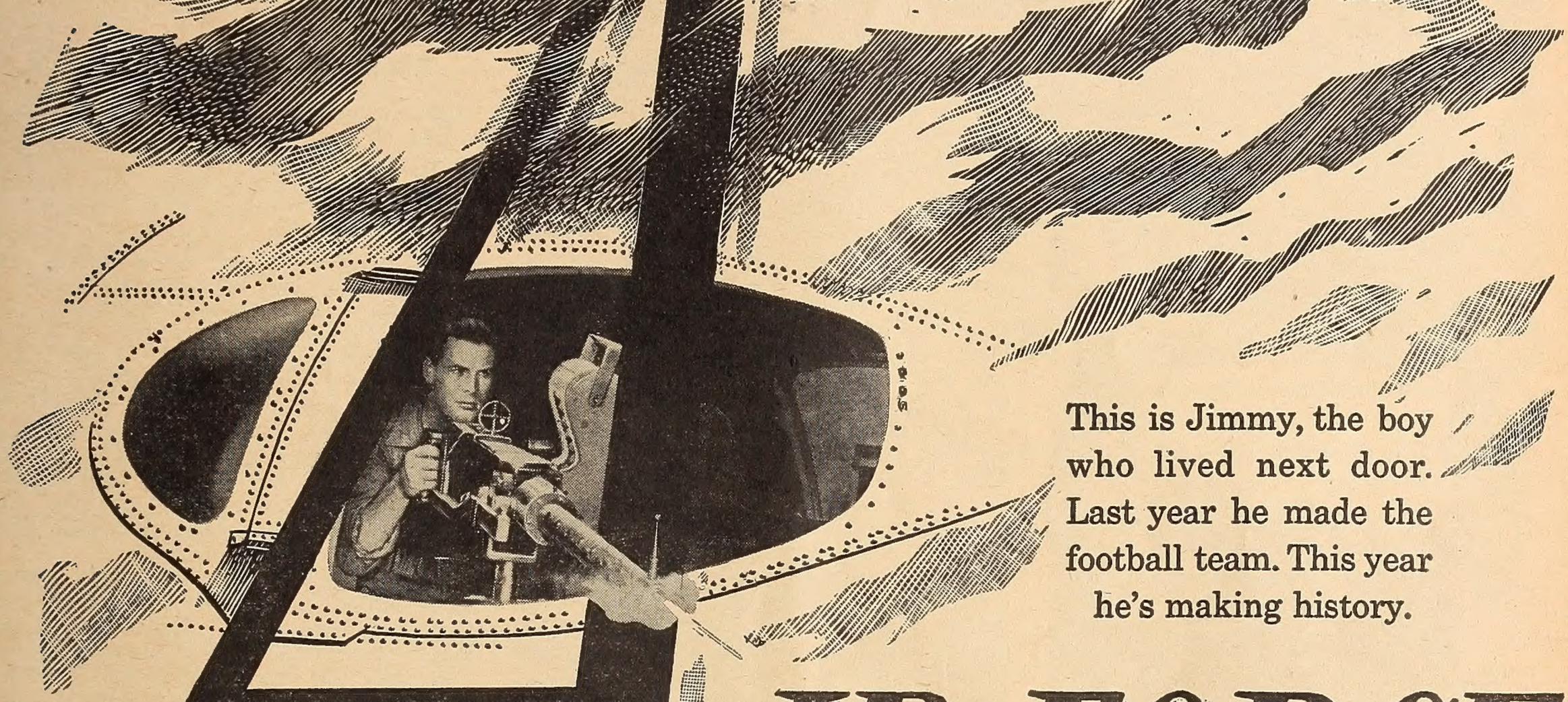
● The odd part of this war is that the people at home have such a sketchy idea of what the actual battle lines look and feel like. There have been, true enough, columns of words in daily dispatches in all the newspapers across the country; but it only goes to prove the old aphorism that one picture is worth a thousand words and a single good movie may be worth a couple of million or so. "Wake Island," "Mrs. Miniver" and "In Which We Serve" have carried the impact of what it means to fight this war on some of the fronts. And now, out of the drama that is North Africa, comes "The Immortal Sergeant," blazing across the screen with biting fury.

Since American forces are fighting a similar battle on the other side of Africa, it has a pertinent and absorbing interest for American audiences. Here is desert warfare: pebbly wastes stretching to the horizon and beyond, sand and sun, a country without cover and without mercy; and men fighting their battles wherever and whenever the chance comes.

"The Immortal Sergeant" tells the story of a small patrol of English soldiers; the army that held and then routed Rommel across the Libyan sands. Somewhere in the desert the army has stopped to regroup, and a small patrol is sent on ahead to spy out the lay of the land. The handful of men pile into an armored car and two small trucks and set out into the wastes ahead, commanded by an old Army Sergeant (Thomas Mitchell).

In the desert they're (*Continued on page 8*)

130 MILLION AMERICAN HEARTS FLY WITH IT!



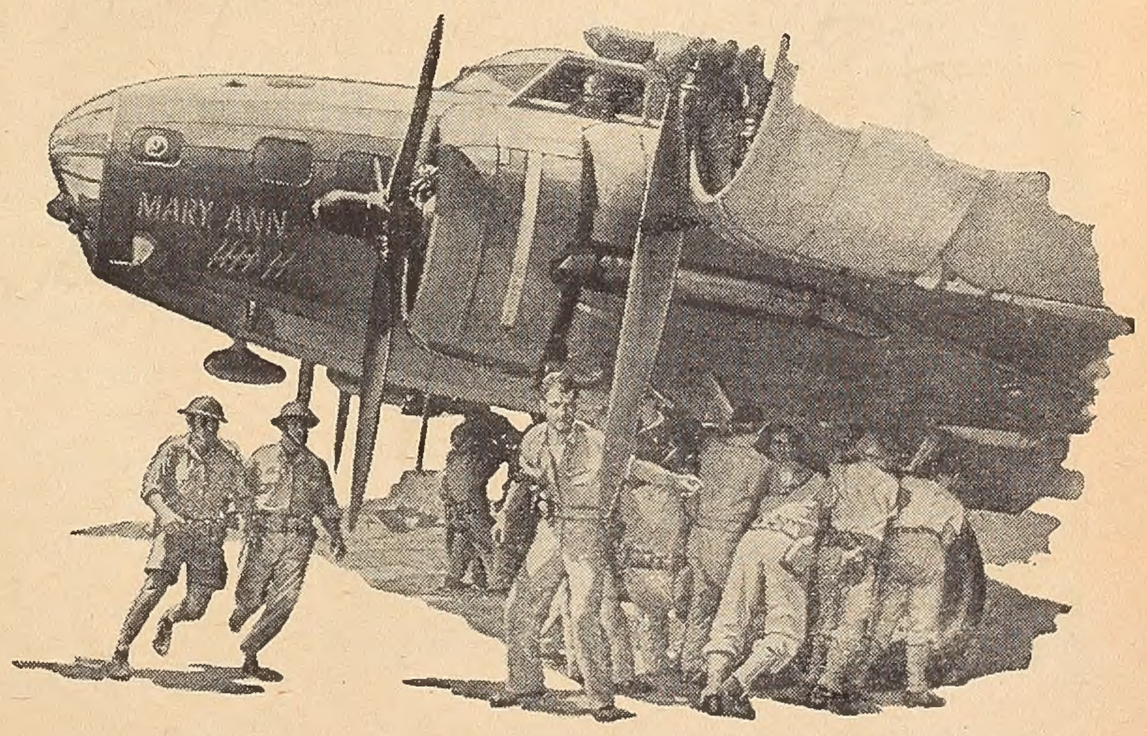
This is Jimmy, the boy who lived next door. Last year he made the football team. This year he's making history.

AIR FORCE

THE PICTURE THAT REMEMBERS PEARL HARBOR. IT COMES TO YOU FROM

...COURAGE YOU CAN'T HELP CHEERING, IN MEN YOU CAN'T HELP LOVING!

Warner Bros.



PRODUCED BY

HAL B. WALLIS

...AS THE MEN WHO LOVED 'MARY ANN'—THE FLYING FORTRESS: JOHN GARFIELD • GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEORGE TOBIAS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN RIDGELY • SCREENPLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS

PRODUCTION

It's a
BIG PICTURE

Salute the All-American Joy Show!



A Romantic Musical Comedy Treat for the Nation with Jane All Grown Up — and Romantic!

"JOHNNY DOUGHBOY"

starring Jane WITHERS

THE ALL-AMERICAN GIRL

8 Grand Song Hits — Topped by "Johnny Doughboy"

with
HENRY WILCOXON
PATRICK BROOK
WILLIAM DEMAREST
RUTH DONNELLY

Members of the 20 Minus Club
Bobby Breen
Baby Sandy
"Alfalfa" Switzer
"Spanky" McFarland
Butch and Buddy
Cora Sue Collins
Robert Coogan

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS





It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 6)

spotted by enemy aircraft and are bombed and strafed. The two trucks are blown to pieces, the armored car has its gas tank pierced, the compass is wrecked, rations and water low. And only five remain, one badly wounded, of the men that had set out on the mission. They begin the long, tortuous trek back to their own lines, still commanded by their indomitable sergeant. And when the last of their gas in the armored truck is gone . . . they walk.

The sergeant is killed in a desperate attack on an Italian patrol, and the four remaining men, headed now by a raw corporal (Henry Fonda), push on. They stumble toward their own lines under a pitiless and ever-burning sun. And finally, the last of their rations gone, no water left, they come to a small oasis; and find it occupied by the Nazis. What happens then is the picture's secret; but the screen blazes once more with action.

The story is concerned primarily with Corporal Spence, the long, lean Canadian who finds himself with the English Army in Libya. In flashbacks it tells an odd and curiously warm love story. For Colin Spence had been a shy and awkward man, afraid of himself and afraid of others. He had watched the girl he loved being taken from him by another man and never protested. It takes the war and the death of Kelly, leaving him in command, to make a man of him.

There are others, of course, whose tales are told during the course of the picture. There's Sergeant Kelly himself, the immortal: tough and hard, but a man whom the soldiers can trust and respect. There's Cassidy who, with a bad leg wound, can still swing out with fury when one of the group suggests they surrender and end the torture of wandering in the desert without food and water. And Cottrell, a blusterer when things go easy and weak-kneed in the pinches. Pilcher—plodding, mostly silent, a "little man" but somehow always around when things begin to happen. And in the flashbacks is told the story of Tom Benedict, a harsh case history of a man who makes the war a personal springboard for his own fame and fortune.

There are some scenes in "The Immortal Sergeant" that you will never forget: When the enemy planes come sweeping out of the horizon, deadly and impersonal machines, you know then what it means to be attacked from the sky.

Henry Fonda is superb as Colin Spence; more than any other actor he has the power to suggest the average man and what it means to be one in this war. Thomas Mitchell turns in a brilliant performance as Sergeant Kelly; Reginald Gardiner is perfect in the snide role of Tom Benedict. Special mention, too, must be made of Allyn Joslyn as Cassidy, Morton Lowry as Cottrell and Melville Cooper as Pilcher. Maureen O'Hara is the lovely girl who was left behind.

You must see "The Immortal Sergeant" because it is the story of the fighting men, the foot soldiers, the buck privates and the non-coms. A remarkable document of a man's soul in war and love.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Apprentice Seaman Henry Fonda spent part of his first 24-hour leave in a projection room, watching a "rough cut" of this, his last film for the duration . . . Asked whether he thought the picture would make men eager to get into the Army, he thought a minute, drawled, "Nope. After they see 14 soldiers go into that desert and only 3 come out alive, I think they'll hope the Navy gets 'em!" . . . 60,000 pounds of sand, Libyan type, was hauled to the studio for close-up scenes from a beach 20 miles away . . . Maureen O'Hara's role of the girl-he-left-behind turned into a real one when hubby Will Price joined the Marines . . . Technical adviser Captain Bartle Bull is a veteran of two years of fighting in Egypt and Libya. He's in the United States on convalescent leave, having been wounded seriously at Sidi Barrani . . . Fonda chose the Navy, incidentally, because "I was born in Nebraska—1,500 miles inland—with sea fever, and I promised myself some day I'd do something about it." He dood it . . . After eight weeks of work in dust, the cast formed a club, dubbed themselves "Partners in Grime, Ltd."

THE MOON IS DOWN

Surely one of the most controversial works of this war has been John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." When it first appeared as a book, the literary critics met it with a mixed chorus of cheers and jeers, and it met a similar fate as a play. Now it's a movie, and while Hollywood has tinkered with it somewhat, it remains, essentially, the same story that Mr. Steinbeck first told.

The basis of the story is the Nazi occupation of a Norwegian town. Aided by a Fifth columnist, George Correll (E. J. Ballantine), the Nazis take possession almost without a struggle. The town is surprised, and the few men who manage to get at guns are soon wiped out. The Nazis, to all intents and purposes, have won a sweeping victory.

But it is a victory that soon develops some curious facets. Colonel Lanser (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the Nazi in command, takes possession of the Mayor's house, sure that the townspeople will fall into line now that they are defeated. But Mayor Orden (Henry Travers) refuses to do anything more than what he absolutely must; and Dr. Winter (Lee J. Cobb) tells Lanser outright that when the people are no longer confused, they will know what to do. Lanser laughs.

Winter was right. At the iron mine, the townspeople slow down in their work, revolt when the Nazis harshly attempt to drive them hard. The revolt is quelled, but underneath, the people still seethe with anger and hatred. The Nazis are forced into harsher and harsher methods—attempts at blackmail, the murder of hostages. But the Norwegians, as best they can, continue to fight back.

They help the young men in the village to escape to England, they use forbidden radio sets to get the news, they refuse to deal in any way with the Nazis, they sabotage their work. The picture rises to a tragic climax when Mayor Orden and Dr. Winter are executed in a final attempt to stop the sabotage. Orden goes to his death knowing that the resistance will go on and must go on.

Core of all the furor about "The Moon Is Down" was Steinbeck's treatment of certain of the Nazis. In Colonel Lanser, he showed not a harsh brute, but a man corrupted by the poisons of Nazism. Lt. Tonder, one of the Nazi underlings, is almost a sympathic portrait of a young man bewildered by the hate the townspeople show him. Steinbeck's point is that the enemy is Nazism, which makes beasts out of men who might otherwise be human.

But there's no argument that "The Moon Is Down" is a moving and perceptive story. Whether or not Mr. Steinbeck is right, all his characters are conceived in deeply human terms. And the story

he tells is swift, tight, tense and tragic. Besides those already mentioned you'll find Doris Bowden, Margaret Wycherly, Peter Van Eyck and William Post, Jr., in the cast. There's no doubt either that the underlying theme of "The Moon Is Down" has a certain powerful truth. It's that simple faith in democracy and freedom that another of Mr. Steinbeck's characters once expressed. If you remember, Ma in "The Grapes of Wrath" said: "We're the people. We keep coming on forever."—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

When Fox decided to buy the Steinbeck play, it caused a few heart attacks in the bookkeeping department! The studio planked down $300,000.00 for the screen rights alone, the largest sum Hollywood has ever paid for movie material . . . The plum role of Colonel Lanser fell to Sir Cedric Hardwicke after tests showed that he could "outvillainize" every other actor in town, including such old meanies as Charles Laughton, Conrad Veidt and George Sanders . . . This marks Doris Bowden's first film assignment since her part in "Grapes Of Wrath" . . . Peter Van Eyck made an overnight leap from Tin Pan Alley to acting. Peter was plugging away writing songs when he landed the part of Lt. Tonder . . . E. J. Ballantine, who plays the Quisling of the village, is the only member of the original New York cast . . . This was Steinbeck's last screen contribution for the duration. At the close of the picture he packed away his typewriter and joined the Army for a chance to put his "realism" into action.

HAPPY GO LUCKY

Gay as a striped summer awning is "Happy Go Lucky." It's pleasant, tuneful, carefree and just about lives up to its nonchalant title. For an hour and a half or so, it wanders through its gaudy but lovely Technicolor sets, pauses for an occasional song, takes time out for a gag routine and, all in all, is pretty ingratiating. The people to watch for are Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Rudy Vallee, Eddie Bracken and Betty Hutton.

The happiest moments of "Happy Go Lucky" are the song numbers. It has a first rate score sung by first rate singers. The whole bunch of them, unless our ears have deceived us cruelly, will be crowding the lists for the number one spot on anybody's hit parade. Mary Martin and Dick Powell are liltingly melodic in the title song; and Mary herself makes something special out of that old timer "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay." A couple of others to listen for are "Let's Get Lost" and "The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker"—a Hutton special.

Still on the singing—and the music makes this picture—"Happy Go Lucky" features a group of Calypso Singers led by a gentleman named Sir Lancelot. Calypso singers are natives of Trinidad who improvise songs with weird rhymes and accents.

The plot is nothing special but good enough to carry the song numbers. It tells of Marjory Stuart (Mary Martin) who comes to Trinidad determined to snag a rich husband for herself. Her little plan is discovered by Pete Hamilton (Dick Powell) and Wally Case (Eddie Bracken) who are a couple of beachcombers trying to work up a heavy tan and determined to work at nothing else. They fall in with Marjory's plot and sick her on a grade A, bona fide millionaire named Alfred Monroe (Rudy Vallee). Alfie has the shekels, but also

"Just to be polite— you'd think they'd ask me to lunch!"

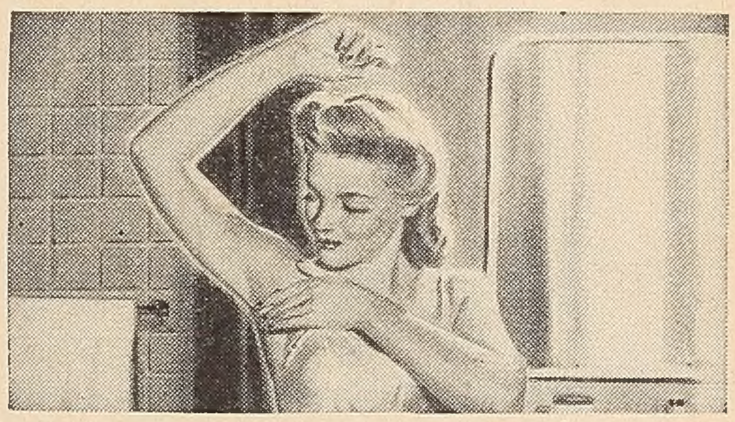


Edna: "There goes the office lunch club again—but when I suggest lunch they have dates! What makes those girls so stuck-up, Miss Brown . . . or what's wrong with me?"

Miss Brown: "Our girls aren't *really* snooty—you'd like them if you knew them! I've been in business a long time, Edna, so perhaps you won't mind if I give you a tip?"



Edna: "But how can I offend with underarm odor? I start each day with a bath!"
Miss Brown: "That morning rush can wilt a bath. So most of our girls *also* use Mum!"



"I'm making Mum my business partner now. After this, every day it's a bath for *past* perspiration and Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours *to come!*"



So many popular girls praise Mum for its—

Speed—Only half a minute to apply!

Safety—No worries with gentle Mum! It won't irritate sensitive skin. Mum won't harm fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Certainty—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—charm is safe all day or evening with Mum!

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For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum this way, too.*



MUM

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Product of Bristol-Myers



a refrigerated temperament. He says, "I love you," as if he were trying to swallow an ice cube at the same time.

Everything goes swimmingly until Alfie discovers that Marjory is not the rich heiress she's pretending to be, and Marjory discovers that money isn't everything, and that, anyway, Pete sings better than Alfie. Mixed up in the proceedings are assorted love potions, an elderly gent who remembers girls by the shape of their thighs, a suspicious hotel owner and, of course, Betty Hutton. At the fade-out, Alfie sails back to his ticker tape, and Pete and Marjory set up housekeeping in the tropics.

It's all done against lush and stunning backgrounds and played in a beguilingly pleasant manner. Rudy Vallee is first rate as the frost-bitten millionaire, and Dick Powell makes you wonder why he hasn't been seen more often recently. Mary Martin never was lovelier. And oh, Betty!—*Par.*

P. S.

This marks Rudy Vallee's second venture in the comedy field—and the last for the duration. On completion of the picture he joined the Coast Guard . . . Though songbird Mary Martin started her career as a dancer, this is the first chance she's had in films to display some fancy foot work . . . Sir Lancelot's real handle is Lancelot Victor Edward Pinard! The "Sir" is his own idea . . . Poor Clem Bevans has a bad case of "Smith-ins!" This is the 20th picture in which he's been cast as a "Mr. Smith." . . . Rudy Vallee's digestive system was obliged to stand up under a grueling routine. In one scene he had to stow away a chicken leg, pickles, a banana, and top it off with a double decker sardine sandwich! (And there were three *retakes!) . . . Eddie Bracken got a trifle too enthusiastic in his dancing scene and gave himself a right upper-cut to the jaw which floored him for 14 seconds. . . . Real prima donna of the production was a lady caterpillar, who besides having several stand-ins, had a luxurious bed of cotton to nestle in between takes!*

HIT PARADE OF 1943

Fascinating business—the movies. As you probably know, it's not all glitter out Hollywood way; it's business and work and the breaks. The success stories you hear about mostly concern actors, an unknown zooming up into the spotlight overnight. But from time to time a whole studio makes a similar jump. Columbia hit the jackpot with "It Happened One Night" and was in the chips forever after; Universal parlayed Deanna Durbin into a studio asset. And now out of the ashes and the dust comes Republic, challenging the leaders.

Here they are preened and shining, as if touched with a magic wand, with a musical which, in cast, at least, is first rate. "Hit Parade of 1943" is no fly-by-night affair. For the hepcats it dishes up Freddy Martin, Count Basie and Ray McKinley and their orchestras; for specialties there are the Golden Gate Quartette, The Music Maids, The Three Cheers, Pops and Louie and Jack Williams.

Like most musicals, "Hit Parade of 1943" is not too flamingly original in its story. It tells the sad tale of Jill Wright (Susan Hayward) who's an aspiring songwriter. She sends her scores in to a Tin Pan Alley firm named The Miracle Publishing Co. The miracle involved is how the two owners have managed to stay out of jail. The Miracle's run by J. MacClellan Davis (Walter Catlett), commonly known as Mac, and Rick Farrell (John Carroll) a handsome, devil-may-care song plugger determined to be number one on the Hit Parade some day. Rick lifts one of Jill's tunes, adds a set of lyrics and publishes it as his own.

Jill's in a fury when she finds out, and along with a wise Broadway gal named Belinda Wright (Eve Arden), she sets out to rip Rick limb from limb. But she doesn't count on falling in love with the guy; which she does with a thud. Unfortunately Rick is the kind of guy who should have been a sailor; he's got a gal on every block. And one of them, Toni Jarrett (Gail Patrick), sets out to make trouble for Jill, Rick and the Miracle Publishing Co.

Jill and Rick team up as songwriters and turn out a series of top-notch numbers. They're about to top the Hit Parade when Toni begins pulling strings. She tips off Bradley Cole (Melville Cooper), who's Mister Big in the band business, that Rick is a phony. And from then on the team just can't seem to get any band to play their numbers.

Toni has a couple of more daggers up her sleeve. She gives Jill a nasty earful about Rick's past and busts the budding romance wide open. Rick's a wreck. His song career is kaput; his girl thinks he's a phony, a conceited braggart and an all-around heel. He repents, but it seems to be too late. Of course, it isn't. He gets a chance to make good his repentance on a big broadcast. Jill hears him, goes rushing to his side, and the two of them plug their song into the Hit Parade.

Since the picture is about the Hit Parade, you might keep your eye on some of the numbers from the score and see if they make good on the promise: "Tamboomba," "That's How To Write A Song," "Harlem Sandman," "Yankee Doodle Tan," "Who Took Me Home Last Night." Don't sue me if they don't; that's what happens in the picture, and you believe the movies, don't you?—*Rep.*

P. S.

Filming was marked by fights between Susan Hayward and John Carroll. Two days after production finished, they announced their engagement . . . Two weeks after that, it was all off again . . . Gail Patrick came to work on her special scooter that goes miles on a cupful of gas . . . Republic offered a $50 war bond for the World's Worst Song Title. Winner was "Autumn Leaves in the Gutter. Never Again Will They Flutter." Author of the title prefers to remain anonymous . . . Count Basie is one of New Jersey's favorite sons. Once a year the state celebrates "Count Basie Day" . . . Freddie Martin absolutely refuses to play "Everybody's Making Money but Tschaikowsky" . . . Carroll entered service two weeks after production halted, is now a Corporal . . . Bulletin: As we go to press, word comes that Hayward and Carroll have resumed romancing, carrying on their fighting by mail.

PRESENTING LILY MARS

Time-honored plot of an Horatio Alger story is the one about the stage-struck girl who comes to New York, gets a small job in a show and then, when the star walks out, gets a big chance to show her stuff. That's what happens in "Presenting Lily Mars," small town gal, big city, bit part and then the chance. And then what happens?

She flops.

That's just to prove that you don't know everything. "Presenting Lily Mars" has just that edge of difference that makes it something out of the usual run. It's a warm, human, affectionate story; as well it might be since it's from a book by Booth Tarkington, who has always

known that the study of human anatomy should begin with the heart.

Lily Mars is a girl in a small Indiana town when the story begins. She's the pride of the Mars family; of Ma, Davy, Violet, Rosy and Poppy.

When John Thornway (Van Heflin), a famous Broadway producer, comes to town to visit a while with his folks, Lily determines to see him and get a job. John has a violent dislike for amateurs, and Lily's dramatics leave him cold. But Lily's a stubborn gal and decides to go to New York anyway.

In the big city she makes tracks for the theater where John is rehearsing a new show. Admiring her gumption, pitying her, for she's obviously cold and hungry, and not a little attracted by her looks, John gives her a bit part in his show. But she begins to rate more than a bit part in his life.

Comes the moment when the star walks out on rehearsals, and John throws Lily into the lead. It doesn't work; she flops. She's got talent and beauty, but she just isn't ready for Broadway; she needs seasoning. John calls back the star for the role, but he marries Lily. Which, at that, isn't bad going for a kid from the sticks.

"Presenting Lily Mars" has the flavor of show business in its story; it's full of neat and realistic touches. Richard Carlson plays a playwright; Marta Eggerth, the star into whose shoes Lily tries to step; Leonid Kinskey plays a mad designer. Fay Bainter and Spring Byington are cast as assorted mothers. As for Horatio Alger, he might be pleased to know that Lily, the following season, gets another chance and makes good in a big way.

Okay, Horatio?—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Connie Gilchrist shared results of her Victory Garden with the entire cast. Daily toted in bunches of carrots, tomatoes, celery . . . Judy donated her first fur coat to the drive for furs to make vests for service men. It's the one she bought the day she and Mickey Rooney were scheduled to put their footprints in the fore-court of Grauman's Chinese Theater . . . Ray Bauduc, Gil Rodin, Max Herman, Bruce Squires and Pete Carpenter played their last date as members of Bob Crosby's band during production . . . All of them are now in service . . . Late one day, Judy stepped out of her dressing room onto a completely blacked-out sound stage, hoping no one had noticed the time. Suddenly a bright spotlight hit her, and she heard the Director's teasing remark, "So glad you could make it, Miss Garland!" . . . Judy never uses the phrase "for the duration." Prefers to say "until victory" . . . Private Ray McDonald, of the Medical Corps, used his one-day leave to finish his last scene with her.

THE MORE THE MERRIER

Washington, so the story goes, is jammed so full that the termites have moved out because people are sleeping in the walls. They're planning to run busses with standing room only; you pay your nickel not to get the seat you wouldn't have got anyway.

"The More The Merrier" throws a long, careful look at the nation's Capito (they've dropped the "l" to save space). Connie Milligan (Jean Arthur) is an employee in one of the numberless government bureaus. As a patriotic gesture, Connie decides to rent out one room of her three-room flat. She sublets it to one Benjamin Dingle (Charles Coburn) who talks his way into it despite the fact



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that Connie naturally wanted a girl.

Dingle, promptly sub-sublets half of his half, if you get the idea, to Joe Carter (Joel McCrea), a mechanic with a propeller to patent and not much time to do it since he's signed up to go to Libya. Connie comes home that evening to find her place looking like a Y.M.C.A., and naturally she's sore. But Joe's handsome. So she's not too sore.

Not that Connie's love life is completely empty. She happens to be engaged to Charles J. Pendergast (Richard Gaines) who happens to be Assistant Regional Coordinator of OPL, and happens to make exactly $8600 a year, and happens also to be 40 and somewhat bald. And it happens, too, that she isn't too happy about it. But what are you going to do in a town where the girls outnumber the men eight to one?

You do just what Connie did; fall for Joe and forget Mr. Charles J. Pendergast, who happens (we forgot to mention) to have had dinner twice at the White House. What makes it so much easier is that Connie and Joe sleep in adjoining rooms with only a very thin wall in between; there's nothing wrong about talking to a guy through a wall, even if you're talking about love. As far as Connie's concerned, she's only talking to the wall.

Maybe that's what got the FBI suspicious. Anyway they crash in one night and bundle Connie and Joe off to headquarters. Charles J. Pendergast is ringed in on the investigation, and then the fireworks explode properly. To save Connie's fair name, Joe gallantly offers to marry her, strictly as a gesture. He's off to the wars and doesn't think it fair to saddle a girl with a real husband; and anyway Connie's fed up with men. So they go through the "I do" business with their fingers crossed. But when they get back to Connie's apartment, they find that Benjamin Dingle has removed the wall between the two bedrooms. What with the housing shortage in Washington, Joe has no place to go.

So he stays.

"The More The Merrier" is another in the series of gay comedies that have made Jean Arthur one of Hollywood's top notch comediennes. Even in Washington, with the odds eight to one against her, Jean manages to get her man. She must have something.—*Col.*

P. S.

Jean Arthur's bedroom in the film is cluttered with some of her own stuff—Swiss music boxes, chinaware, a big white Teddy Bear. Brought them from home, so she'd feel relaxed and at ease during her scenes . . . The five young couples, kissing and laughing for atmosphere in one of the scenes, were complete strangers before shooting began. All of them were extras, hired for the day's work through Central Casting. No romances developed . . . Five extras won, hands down, the softest jobs in the film. Played poker for pay eight hours a day, for several days . . . Four others were runners-up, being paid $16.50 to be kissed by Sugar Geise, headliner at Hollywood night spot, "Florentine Gardens" . . . Toughest problem was how to cover up Hays-office-banned "Damn" which pops up in lyrics of Charles Coburn's song. Door slams and banged fists were added to the sound track at the strategic moments . . . Shy Miss Arthur had to do her main love scene, a loooong kiss from Joel McCrea, with 21 soldiers and sailors looking on from close range. They were sent over by the local USO, and no one had the heart to ask them to leave just as they were getting their first glimpse of Hollywood in action.

IT AIN'T HAY

There is undoubtedly more story in this Abbott and Costello routine than in the others; matter of fact, "It Ain't Hay" is from a Damon Runyon story. So you'll find a pert little gal named Princess O'Hara involved in this one and sundry other Runyonesque gents, to wit: Harry, the Horse, Umbrella Joe and Chauncey, the Eye. Also a horse named Tea Biscuit.

Here's how they all fit together: Abbott and Costello are a couple of cab drivers who have a regular stand right next to one of those horse-drawn cabs owned by King O'Hara. King is loved by one and all, as is his little daughter Princess. So when King's horse dies, the whole neighborhood starts planning feverishly on how to get him another nag. Abbott and Costello come up with the solution. They steal one.

But there's a slight error in their horse trading; instead of picking out some worthless nag that no one will miss, they hit on Tea Biscuit, who is the top money-maker of the tracks. When they find out what they've done, they're in a sweat to get Tea Biscuit back to his owner. But by that time, King O'Hara is on his way to Saratoga with a fare that's hired the rig, horse and all, to ferry him there.

They head for Saratoga, followed by the three gents who've sniffed out the story; Harry, the Horse, Umbrella Joe and Chauncey, the Eye. In Saratoga, the boys have a desperate time trying to hide Tea Biscuit from the cops, from the three wise guys and from a suspicious hotel manager. For they have naturally hidden the horse in their hotel room.

Things pop rapidly after that in typical Abbott and Costello fashion. There's a wild chase across the country side, a horse race with Costello playing jockey and assorted cops trying desperately to round up the boys. But things don't happen too fast to smother the gags: trying to dope out the races, Costello asks, "What's that horse's name?" Abbott answers: "Mattress." Says Costello: "That's the last straw." Asked what his draft classification is, Costello answers: "2F—too fat."

There's a love story woven into the proceedings, and a couple of song numbers. Patsy O'Connor is the singing Princess; Grace McDonald and Leighton Noble, the two lovers. Eugene Palette, Cecil Kellaway, Eddie Quillan, Shemp Howard, Dave Hacker and Samuel Hinds round out the cast. Tea Biscuit is played by a horse.—*Univ.*

P. S.

During production, A & C bought themselves new homes and one night club apiece . . . Abbott's play-place is in the valley, "Windsor House." Costello's is on Fairfax Ave. in the Wilshire district, "The Bandbox." Their homes are modest, boasting only one luxury—swimming pools . . . Says Costello, who shuns the social circuit, "Big parties are okay for those who like 'em, but we prefer to swim in water rather than society" . . . Owner of the smart horse, John Drew, is John Drew. During filming of the bedroom scenes, in which A & C bunk in with the equine, the animal actually got weary and fell asleep, after they'd been trying for hours to get him to feign sleep.

AIR FORCE

"Air Force" is a great picture. It brings alive a series of very real and very honest characters; and what is even more difficult it brings alive a machine.

"Air Force" begins on December sixth

(*Continued on page* 14)

Blazing

WITH LAUGHTER COLOR AND RHYTHM!

"Happy Go Lucky"

All in TECHNICOLOR!

Azure Skies . . .

Romantic Nights . . .

Two working girls on the tropical cruise of your dreams, in the gayest, most gorgeous musical of the year!

Hutton's Hotter Than Ever . . . LOOK!

Starring MARY MARTIN DICK POWELL BETTY HUTTON EDDIE BRACKEN RUDY VALLEE

Directed by Curtis Bernhardt

Screen Play by Frank Butler-Don Hartman Params and Val Burton

SONGS THAT MAKE THE TROPICS HOT:

"Murder, He Says"
"Let's Get Lost"
"The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker"
"Sing A Tropical Song"
"Happy Go Lucky"

A Paramount Picture

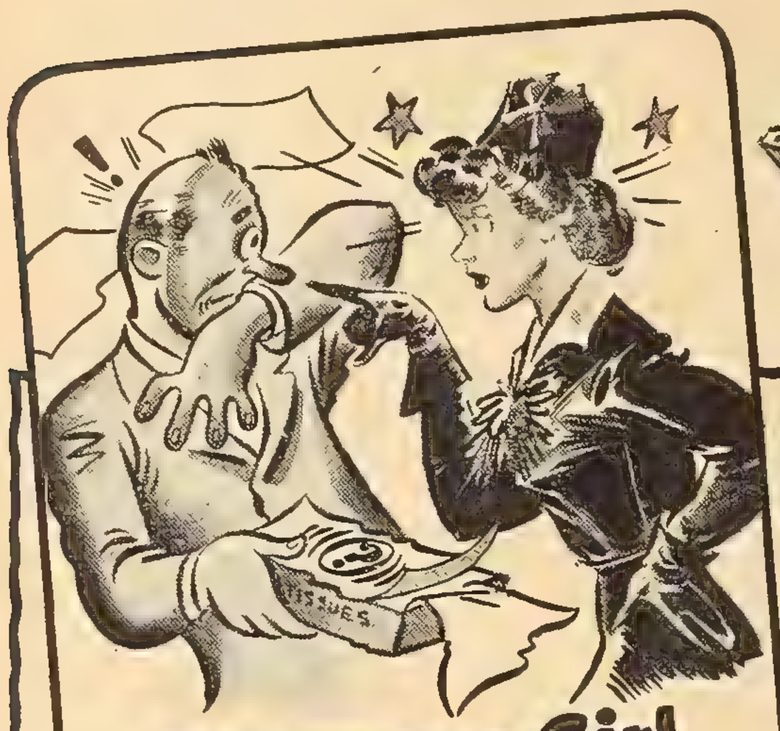
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DON'T put a cold in your hamper!

DURING COLDS I USE *KLEENEX**TISSUES, THEN DESTROY GERMS AND ALL. SAVES WORK, SUDS AND ELECTRICITY!

(*from a letter by* D. McE., Jacksonville, Fla.)





Clamour Girl

I CLAMOUR FOR *KLEENEX* AND TURN DOWN CLERKS WHO CALL OTHER TISSUES "JUST AS GOOD". I'VE BEEN FOOLED BEFORE BY FLIMSY, SCRATCHY KINDS!

(*from a letter by* W. T. F., Los Angeles, Calif.)



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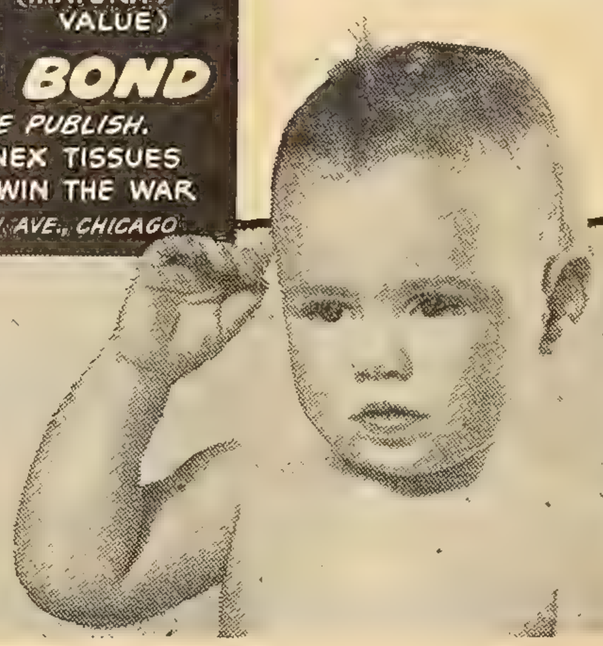
(*from a letter by* M. R. E., Moscow, Tenn.

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Intoxicating as a Kiss

Blue Waltz perfume

Like Cupid's arrow... aimed at your heart ...and his! Stimulating, delightfully feminine... Blue Waltz is a tantalizing, unforgettable perfume, sure as a woman beloved.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores





Now in a bonny Easter box

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME

ITS FRAGRANCE LASTS

(*Continued from page 12*)

of that year when a Flying Fortress is ordered on a routine flight from Mather Field, California, to Hickam Field, Hawaii. From there on the picture telescopes the history of the Pacific War into the story of this one Flying Fortress. It is moving, memorable and intense.

There are so many good things about "Air Force," it is difficult to know where to begin. There is, first of all, the remarkable heroine of this picture, Mary Ann. Mary Ann is a Flying Fortress, Boeing B-17, No. 05564. She's slim, beautiful, deadly and real. Before the picture is over, you know why a bomber crew learns to love its ship; why they will work, sweat and die to put her where she rightfully belongs—in the air. There are no scenes in the picture as thrilling or as heartwarming as the scenes of Mary Ann racing down a runway, soaring up into the clouds.

Then, too, there are the men of the crew: nine of them, each depending on the other for the safety of the ship and for their own lives. High compliment for "Air Force" is the fact that you soon forget that these men are actors; you come to believe in them wholly and completely. There are few histrionics in the dialogue; they speak simply and naturally; they are men doing a job. The only oration in the picture comes from the radio voice of President Roosevelt.

We meet them on the flight from California to Hawaii. The pilot, Quincannon (John Ridgely), called Irish, lean, capable, efficient; Co-pilot Williams (Gig Young), eager to get to Hawaii to keep a date he's made by cable; Bombardier McMartin (Arthur Kennedy), keeper of the bombsight; Navigator Hauser (Charles Drake), who aims at pin points on the map; Crew Chief White (Harry Carey), whose son is a pilot stationed at Manila; Ass't. Crew Chief Weinberg (George Tobias), who doubles on a machine gun, with a Brooklyn accent; Radio Operator Peterson (Ward Wood), who tunes in on Hawaii on December seventh and gets a chatter of Japanese; Ass't. Radio Operator Chester (Ray Montgomery), the kid, fresh out of school; Aerial Gunner Winocki (John Garfield), who washed out as a pilot once. Each of them, before the picture is over, becomes as familiar as your own brother.

The weight of the picture is carried in its details and its individual scenes. All through the picture, there's the feel of reality; this is how the boys are doing it from Australia to North Africa. The battle scenes are magnificent; you watch those deadly machine gun bullets pile into a Zero, and the plane disintegrates before your eyes; the bombardier, eyes glued to his sight, presses a button and the bombs swing earthward in a deadly arc. Filmed with the help of the United States Air Corps, it's an authentic reproduction of life on a bomber.

The cast as a whole is splendid; no one is starred in the picture, and the emphasis, as a result, remains on the crew as a whole. But each individual performance is keyed perfectly to the nature of the film. You won't soon forget the time you spend with "Air Force." If any fault, at all, can be picked with the picture, it is that "Air Force" is too short despite its two hours.—*War.*

P. S.

Chinese cinematographer James Wong Howe used the "cruel system" lighting the Chinese extras playing Japs. Lighted 'em head on, with no softening spotlights . . . One of the problems was moving a half-mile of Florida jungle from one spot to

another. Task was accomplished with 4 giant cranes, special labor crew of more than 200 . . . Island was moved because rains made it too soggy to support the weight of the "Mary Ann," making it necessary to construct a more substantial base . . . During 15 weeks of filming, the cast was forbidden to shave cleanly. Make-up men kept their beards clipped to two-week length . . . Only 20% of film has dialogue . . . Night shooting was one major headache. Jimmy Howe had to set up extra lights to lure insects away from camera lens, but the little bugs refused to stay diverted for more than a minute . . . Every day occurrence: Snakes, winding around the actors' ankles in the middle of scenes.

FOREVER AND A DAY

Out of the very top drawer of Hollywood's finest comes "Forever And A Day." It is a picture that has something of the quality of "Cavalcade." It tells the story of a London house from the time it was built in 1804, to the time it is blitzed to rubble in 1941. Crammed with stars, it makes good use of most of them; unlike many all-star pictures, it has unity, pace and emotion. Some seventy or eighty ranking actors appear in the production; at least half of the faces you will recognize as first-rate stars. They run the gamut from Sir Cedric Hardwicke to Buster Keaton.

Briefly, the story tells of Admiral Trimble (C. Aubrey Smith), who first built the house; of his son Billy (Ray Milland), who dies at Trafalgar, defending England against Napoleon. Billy leaves a beautiful wife (Anna Neagle) and a son to carry on his name, but with the Admiral and Billy dead, the house falls into the hands of Ambrose Pomfret (Claude Rains). It is Pomfret's grandson Dexter (Ian Hunter) who unites the two families by marrying a Trimble (Jessie Matthews).

Branches of the Pomfret-Trimble family emigrate to America. There's Jim Trimble (Brian Aherne) who marries a housemaid (Ida Lupino) and goes off to America to find his fortune. And Jim's son, Ned (Robert Cummings) who comes to London in 1917 as an American doughboy, visits the old Trimble house and finds it a hotel for a select group of boarders. He marries a girl he finds there (Merle Oberon) before he goes off to France and to his death. It is the daughter of their marriage (Ruth Warrick) and a Pomfret from America (Kent Smith) who bring the story up-to-date in the war-torn London of 1941.

It is, as you can see, an involved family epic, of paths crossing and recrossing. But no outline can do justice to the story and the many fine scenes in it. The early part of the picture has the charm and dash of a costume romance; the turn of the century scenes are quaint and endearing; the passage depicting the Trimble Hotel during the first World War has pathos and emotion; and the blitz scenes of today are realistic and superb. But nowhere does the story get lost, and at all times it is entertaining and moving; it is told, always, in human terms.

"Forever And A Day" is of a pattern throughout; consistently good. If we must single out some of the performances, it is only because lack of space prevents us from listing all. So then: C. Aubrey Smith's blustering Admiral is superb; Brian Aherne and Ida Lupino are delightful as the semi-cockney London lovers; Gladys Cooper and Roland Young are profoundly moving as the parents of an air ace shot down in the first World War; Merle Oberon and Robert

(*Continued on page* 62)

These easy rules help keep colds away



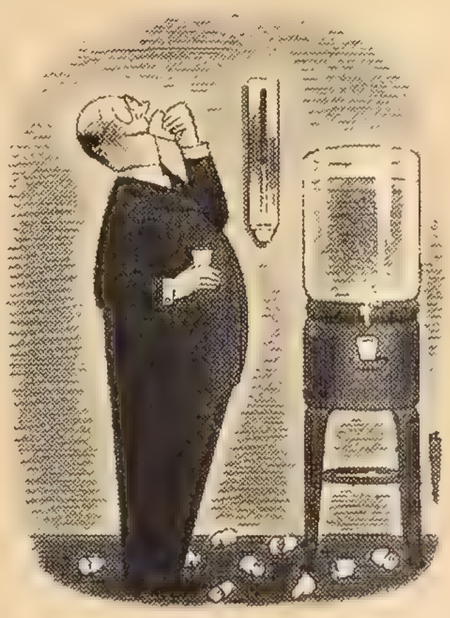
1 Stay out of drafts



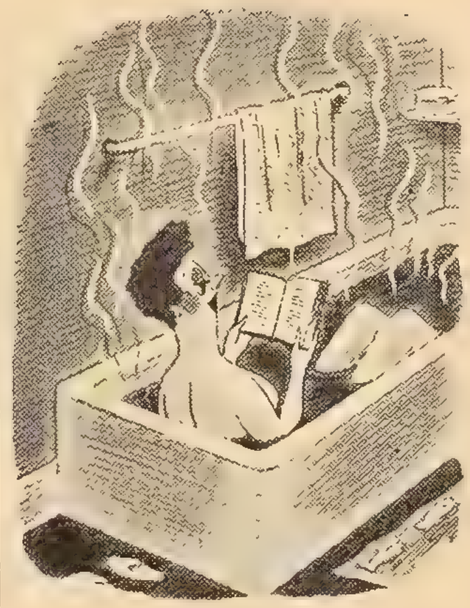
2 Get plenty of rest



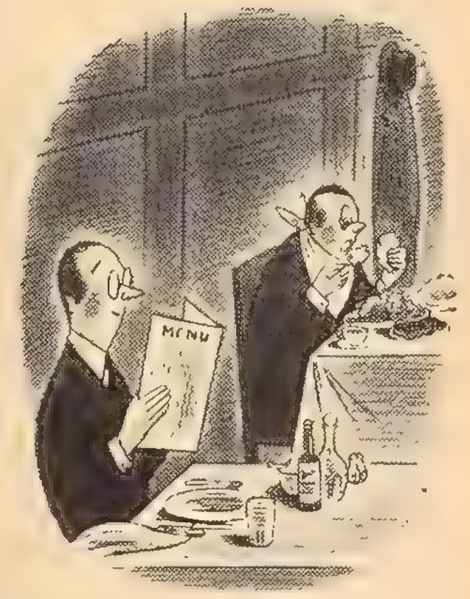
3 Dress warmly



4 Drink liquids often



5 Take a warm bath after chilling exposure — then cover up



6 Eat right — keep regular



7 Guard your throat



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

...and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly — millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead



Just how much guzzling, smoking and smooching will you have? Here's Co-Ed's idea to keep you in tow!

Isn't all the wartime-immorality-of-youth talk getting you slightly down? Between that and the headlines about the teen-age crime wave, you're no doubt feeling like a cross between Mae West and a Dead End Kid. All your little indiscretions rise up to haunt you . . . the night you let Johnny kiss you about 20 times, even though you didn't give half a hoot about him; the time you smoked a whole pack of cigarettes over at Jane's though your mom's forbidden you to even look crooked at a weed; the time you got so silly on that spiked punch at Helen's house. Oh, boy, you brood. Move over, Madeleine Webb.

Brood no longer. What if you have fallen a time or two? You can pick yourself up and start all over. The main thing is to work out a little code of behavior for yourself and then really live by it. See that it's not too pure nor too lax, but as workable as you can make it. Here's a little tale that may help you whip up said code.

Out in Detroit, six co-eds got together and formed kind of a Hays' office for themselves. They were free at all times to censor each other's goings-on, and once a month they'd meet to discuss their current dilemmas. The whole thing was kind of a glorified bull-session with the added advantage of mutual assistance. We were spell-bound the night we sat in on the meeting at Sally's house.

The first dilemma was Mary's—Sally's darling younger sister—who wanted someone to give her a few good reasons for not drinking. Anne, a senior at Ann Arbor, caught that one on the 10-yard line.

"Mmm," she beamed. "Can't I expound!" It seems that she was the daughter of absolute teetotaling parents, and when she first got to college, she considered that night lost that she hadn't had something to drink. "Not too much," she explained. "Just a slight buzz. I felt awfully sophisticated, and it was months before I realized that no one was a bit impressed." Most of the girls, she told us, had been used to an occasional cocktail at home, and for them drinking had no great enchantment. They'd nurse two beers along all night or one Scotch, and as often as not they'd stick to lemonade. "Just two types of girls drank too much, I discovered," she said. "The dopes like me and the tramps. Not that the rest of them didn't go off on a toot once in a while, but that's a bit different than regular week-in, week-out guzzling." Her advice to Mary was to take a cocktail or two at home, sometime, or out with Sally. Decide for herself whether she liked the taste, study her own reactions and act accordingly. "Just don't think you have to drink to be popular or sophisticated, but don't act like Mrs. God if you're the sole abstainer in a gang of party-ers. Try to remember about the two types of (*Continued on page 90*)



"Her proud head topped with shining hair
Gives her charm beyond compare"

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous . . . and yet so easy to manage!*



So EXQUISITELY FEMININE, yet so practical, too . . . this up-swept way of handling shoulder-length hair! Glamorous enough for evening wear, yet suitable for active war-work days, because it's easy to keep trim and neat! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to be alluring to men, see that it's always shining, lustrous . . . sparkling with glamorous highlights! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob you of this thrilling beauty advantage!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Soap film dulls lustre — robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene with Hair Conditioner



"The man who killed my husband . . . now he wants to make love to me! I am a woman . . my house is lonely . . my arms are hungry . . but my heart remembers! Soon — there will be one less of this horrible horde!"

John Steinbeck's

THE MOON IS DOWN

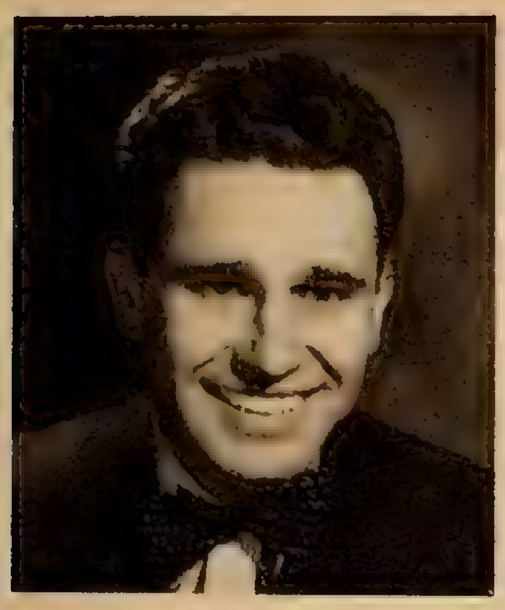
A heart-stirring picture told with a power and fury that will leave its fire in your heart forever!

with

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • HENRY TRAVERS • LEE J. COBB • DORRIS BOWDON • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Directed by Irving Pichel • Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson

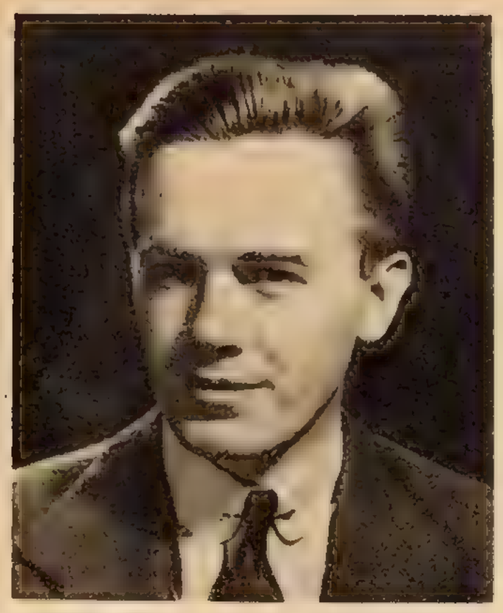
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



Al



Sylvia W.



Henry



Annette



Conrad



Kay



Sylvia K.

TO OUR READERS . . .

We've had this page up our editorial sleeve for ages, but got so involved with headlines and deadlines it never got written. Henceforward, it'll be a monthly proposition, bursting at the margins with big news. To start things rolling, we'd like to introduce ourselves. The gent up there in the bow tie is Al Delacorte. He's 29, with a yen for swing à la pre-war Goodman and a sailboat named "Wee." He'll be a pop when you read this. The sleepy-eyed lad is Henry Malmgreen, New Jersey weekend farmer and exaggerating papa of a 9-month-old who's "so big she wears junior miss dresses." . . . Westward, there's Sylvia Wallace who runs the H'wood office with one hand, bakes brownies for soldier hubby with the other. And Kay Hardy who sees all, knows all on account of living right behind Ciro's. . . . Back in New York, there's Annette Bellinger, conga queen of the USO and a chef like crazy; Connie Wienk, whose innings with stork and Uncle Sam are both pending; and low man (in inches only) Sylvia Katz, our child bride with the Gable-sized appetite. . . . That's the gang, and a "hi" from each of us to each of you.

P.S. Surprise! Surprise! on page 82!

the editors



Clarence S. Bull

Jean Pierre Aumont shrugs his shoulders and nonchalantly labels his escape from the Nazis a matter of "good luck." But at the crux of the matter lies a story that matches his role in M-G-M's "Assignment in Brittany." A tale of how he left the Paris stage and won the Croix de Guerre, and later, when it was over, sailed the dark, perilous journey over the Atlantic to safety.



Ray Jones

Babs (and you may quote her) says, "Temperament? Nuts." No time for it. Too busy dividing herself into thirds for Bob and little Dion and for the studio. Throwing herself into war work. Keeping that dreamy house running smoothly. Being a leggy burlesque queen one moment . . . changing type completely, the next, for such satiny portraits as Univ's. "Flesh and Fantasy."



Off to Luke Field, Ariz., for 40-week civilian pilot training. Enlisted Oct. 13, passed exams with highest score in group—94%!



16. Finished packing and closed door by 4 P.M. Never kept pictures of friends; sole sentimental touch was snap of Julie in desk blotter, and 2 bathing suits hung on bedroom door!

I'm willing to settle for ten. Do me a favor and sell it."

"Five," said the big shot.

John found in himself the capacity for an unsuspected talent. He haggled and liked it. Exultation swept him as the big shot haggled back. In the end they compromised on seven weeks. He left with a check for three thousand bucks and the knowledge that he could swing a business deal.

The three thousand was clear profit. Two days later he started drawing dough on Warners'.

* * *

It went fine at first. He made a test for a musical. They gave him a few days off, so he drove Anne up to Santa Barbara. She was unpacking, when the wire arrived. "Come back immediately."

So immediately did he come that a cop pinched him for speeding. They slapped a painful fifty-dollar fine on him and sentenced him to traffic school for two weeks. It was the last time he ever got pinched.

That was a Sunday. On Monday he started work in "Garden of the Moon." This was really it. His first good part in a good picture. God bless Warners'. God bless his friends who sent rapturous wires after the preview. He couldn't see it himself, having been shipped to location in Florida.

Then they put him into five quick B's and dropped him. Beat him to the punch that time. Option day stole up on him, passed and left him numb. Any blow left him numb for a while. Then a delayed reaction set in—kind of psychological double-take.

He spent sleepless nights, trying to dope things out. Three major studios had kicked him in the pants, never mind the technicalities. Either they were right, and he was lousy, or they were wrong, and how could he prove it?

He's been offered a part in a New York show, but he hated leaving Anne, whose work was here. He harked back to a thing Gregg Toland (*Continued on page 67*)

MILLION-DOLLAR BABY

When Phil Harris and band camp-tramped, Alice tagged along as secretary. Below, Alice sweet-talks Phil at Charley Fay's where they first met.



Flanking Alice are Johnny Payne and Director Bruce Humberstone, on set of 20th-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello!" When "Frisco" was finished, Alice announced she'd take three months off to be with Alice, Jr.

Photographed by Jean Cooney Studios



When Phil and Alice were married, they announced they'd have a houseful of kids . . . the sooner the better. First of the brood, Alice, Jr., shown at 6 mos.

Alice goes lavish on perfume. Sprays "L'Heure Bleu" on hourly. Wears little jewelry, loves slacks. During last scrap drive, slacks-clad Alice turned up at gas station with 300 lbs. of rubber.



By Nancy Squire

Some kids have all the luck! Like Alice Faye, Jr., f'r instance. Got a Daddy to cradle her in ruffles and a velvet-voiced Mom to rock-a-bye her to dreamland!

Our drama opens in the infants' department of one of Beverly Hills' swankiest shops. Seated here and there are happy-faced women, inspecting tiny garments and selecting crib robes, bonnets and those famous thirty-six-inch squares of white fabric. As it is just two weeks before Christmas, 1941, there is an occasional shopper investing in a singing Teddy Bear or a series of pink and white enamel building blocks.

Enter: one large, curly-haired man—alone. In what would pass for a dream walking, he wanders through the clothing section and finds himself in the junior furniture department. He begins to look like a cartoonist's biggest rendition of a Joe E. Brown grin. He beams like the rising sun.

He buys the most gorgeous pink, blue and white crib available. It is a swish concoction of satin, lace and beauteous bows. "Deliver it the day before Christmas to Mrs. Phil Harris," he instructs the faintly smiling saleswoman. "Er —I'm Phil Harris. (*Continued on page 72*)

By MARIS MacCULLERS and KAY HARDY



1. When Lucky's (Alan Ladd) draft no. comes up, he unsuccessfully tries to pass a beggar woman off as a dependent mom and winds up a Private in the Army.



2. Sneaking off duty, he meets canteen hostess Jill Evans (Helen Walker) who reports him. While escaping from guard house, he snitches a car, clothes and briefcase.

"LUCKY JORDAN"

HE WAS A TOUGH CUSTOMER, ALL RIGHT! IT TOOK NAZI SPIES, DOUBLE-CROSSING GANGSTERS AND A WOMAN'S LOVE TO SOFTEN HIM UP FOR THE ARMY!

STORY The fat, little lawyer was worried. He stood before the huge desk looking at Lucky Jordan. He wiped his face once with his handkerchief. He tried a smile. Lucky Jordan didn't smile back.

"Listen, Lucky," he said. "I tried everything I know."

"Did you get me out?"

The fat, little lawyer sighed: "This draft business isn't like trying to beat a two-bit rap. The government means business. There's a war on."

"I know," Lucky said. "They're closing all the tracks."

"As your legal adviser," the (*Continued on page 80*)

PRODUCTION Alan Ladd's fans know what they want. 900 letters a day pour in, asking him to (1) smile in his next picture; (2) win the girl; (3) still be alive at the end of the film.

Pert, pretty Helen Walker, dubbed the "Surprise Girl of 1943," came to Hollywood straight from the stage, plays the feminine lead in her very first picture. (That's where the surprise came in.)

Helen handles a car like a parking lot attendant, refused a double for a dangerous driving scene. Drove lickety-bickety around a bend, swerved (*Continued on page 79*)



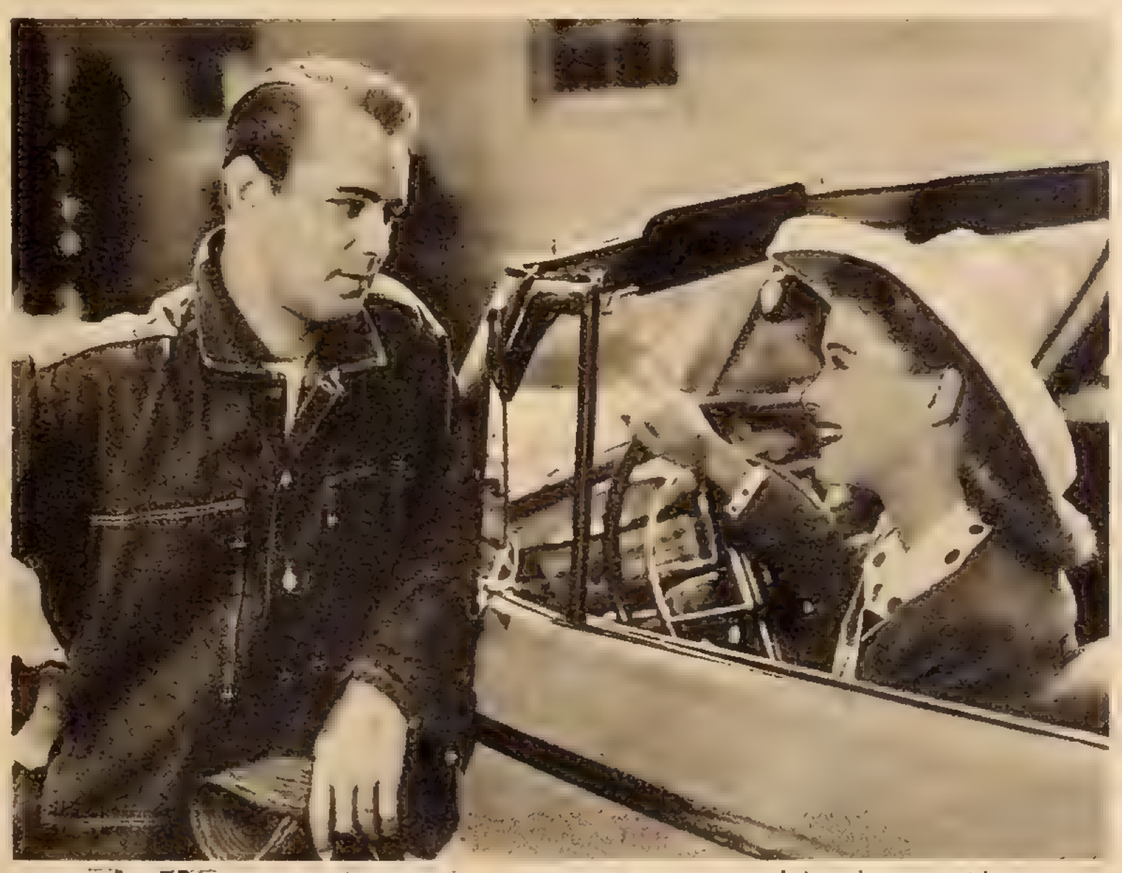
4. His buddies double-cross him, and Nazis (after secrets) murder his "mother" (Mable Paige), slug him and grab case!



3. When he discovers case contains tank armor secrets worth 50 grand, he plans to share loot with gangster cronies. Locks Jill, who is hep to the situation, up in a friend's house so she won't squeal!



5. Jill gets tree and attempting to put FBI on his trail, inadvertently tips off Nazis as to where he is. In ensuing free-for-all, he and Jill outwit them and nab case!



6. FBI eventually turns up, nabs spies, and Lucky meekly goes back to camp. He decides he doesn't want his country run by guys who beat old women to death.



Tho Ronnie and Janie are famous members of family, daughter Maureen's only one who rates a scrap-book, prominently displayed on living-room table. Janie's currently working in Warners' "Princess O'Rourke."

RONALD REAGAN

By Ida Zeitlin

Here's Part II of Ronnie's exciting life story, in which he grows up to meet career and love . . . and war!

● That final summer of Ronnie's at Lowell Beach was highlighted by eleven rescues, a fearsome walk through the woods and his decision to become a sports announcer.

Once he plunged in, clothes, glasses and all. There was a blind man who'd swim by ear, his friends calling directions from the dock. Busy with a new cover for the diving board, Ronnie hadn't yet changed when a scream sent him knifing through the water after the blind man.

He emerged with his charge, glasses still on his nose, money in his pocket. Only his frat ring was gone. He found it on the pier later, where he must have pulled it off automatically—as he pulls it off when he washes his hands or goes to bed. Like the fairytale princess, who couldn't sleep with a pea under her nine mattresses, Ronnie can't sleep in a ring. It throttles him.

Not far from the beach nestles the Dixon Insane Asylum. Occasionally an inmate would break out. Nobody's pressure went up. "One of our nuts got loose," the authorities would phone. "If you see him, pick him up."

But one day the phone call held a more urgent note. Two negroes and a white, all homicidal maniacs, had escaped. "They're bad ones," came the warning. "Watch out for them."

As Ronnie crossed the river that night for a date at a cabin party, he could see, among the wooded hills, the lights of the searchers. They were still searching two hours later when, alone, he had to paddle his canoe (*Continued on following page*)



Mom and daughter have an old custom of tea-drinking every afternoon. Dolls are named after donators, regardless of gender. Consequently, momma dolls are often monickered Johnny, etc.!



Last year when Janie heard about an Army private in nearby camp who bet his buddy a month's pay he'd entertain her for Thanksgiving, she and Ronnie made him a winner by showing up!



Before Maureeney came, Janie had a yen for red and wore a scarlet coat right up to time of hospitalization. Gained 54 lbs.; altho baby weighed in at 5! Above, M. bedded with broken leg.



A big eater, Maureen likes to have everyone nibble along with her. Offers food if they have none. Makes visitors kneel while she blesses family, chums and "everyone in the whole world."

back, beach it and cover a stretch of dense woodland to get to his car. Not only did he cock his gun—he kept his thumb on the hammer, pulled the trigger. Every shadow held a threat, every leaf that stirred a lurking danger. It was the longest walk he ever took.

Anticlimax. Nothing happened. No mad eyes gleamed through the darkness, no mad claws clutched. He got home feeling a little shaken, slightly foolish and intensely relieved.

In a Chicago bus that fall his eye hit a newspaper story. A lunatic had attacked a woman and knifed two cops before being cornered. "He and two negro companions," the story concluded, "escaped from the Dixon Insane Asylum last August."

These were incidents. What occupied his mind was, "Come fall, what'm I going to do for a living?"

Among the summer visitors whose kids he'd taught to swim was a man of wealth and influence. He'd promised help. "If you'll tell me exactly what line you want to get into, and if I have any connections in that line, I'll get you a job."

"I don't know what I want—"

"Well, sit down with yourself and find out."

So he sat down and snared the visionary odds and ends that had long been floating in and out of his head. He considered and rejected pro football. That he'd stayed with high school and college football eight years, though consistently outweighed, had been pretty lucky. No sense in crowding his luck. He kissed off the stage



On Maureen's 2nd birthday, Janie gave a party for 25 young-'uns. Far right, best friends Michael Morris (Wayne's son) Julie Payne, M., J. and Ray Milland's youngster, Danny.

as something loved and unattainable like the lady of Shalott. Let's be practical, said Ronnie. Out of his dive into practicality, he brought up between his teeth the decision to be a radio sports announcer. Radio was akin to show business, he knew sports, and his dramatic training couldn't hurt.

Radio, as it turned out, was one of the few fields his friend's interests didn't touch. He gave Ronnie sound advice. "If you're smart, you'll just go hunting. Somewhere you'll find a guy willing to take a chance on a youngster. Tell him you aim at sports announcing. Then tell him you'll take any job—janitor, file clerk, tenth vice-president—just so you're around when the break comes. And look—this isn't the good old brush-off—you'll be better off getting a job of your own in the long run than having somebody shove you down their throats."

Jack was against the whole thing. This was the great unemployment era. Kids were being told to stick around their home towns. Other towns had their own to take care of. "Quit chasing rainbows and piddling your dough away. Dixon has jobs."

That might be okay for the other fellow. Not for Reagan. On the theory that what Jack didn't know wouldn't make him sore, Ronnie told the folks he'd run down to college with Moon (*Continued on page 94*)



BIG GUY



1. Before Sunday breakfast, George weeds garden, tends chores around Letz house, spruces up for popovers with Fran Raeburn. Then spends day lounging at her home or his. Fran understands enough Russian to get along with Mom Letz without interpreter.



2. Serious moments revolve around war, shop talk, politics. Friskier moments they spend with Fran's tiny niece Kathleen whom Geo. adores. Fran's daft over the Letz' snowy rabbits housed in backyard lean-to.

He may be boastful (about his rabbits)—

belligerent (about his dimples)—wacky (about Superman).

But he still gets our vote for nicest guy in Hollywood!

5. When George got first big part, he raced down to Palm Springs where Fran was staying, spent week-end rehearsing his lines with her. (Last pic was M-G-M's "Coney Island.") Fran studies voice, tries to teach George who always starts seriously but ends up yodeling.



6. They flip coins to decide night's entertainment, always wind up at movies. Both adore horror films, swap murder mysteries. Couple met 3 years ago when she pinch-hit on date for sister Kathryn Grayson.



By Jeanne Karr



3. George markets by bike, dumps groceries into metal tray. (Mom nixes hired help.) He and Frances get half way across town by bicycle, and she gives out. At tennis he shellacs her; at bowling she takes him over; in horsemanship they're equally matched.



4. Pick-up at the Letz' means hamburgers, tossed salad, cheeses, milk, stewed fruits. Dining out usually means the Bublichki where George can order in Russian. Hates liquor, devours steak, stuffs on Russian cookery and Frances' mom's southern fried chicken.

A MESSENGER boy stopped before a small, pleasant cottage in Cheviot Hills (a super suburb of Los Angeles) and kicked the sole of a shoe protruding from beneath a nearby car. "Hey, buddy, in which house does George Montgomery live?" he wanted to know.

A grimy pair of trousers, a torn shirt and a grease-marked face curled around the differential region and said, "Right over there, kid."

"J'know whether Montgomery is home this Sunday morning or not?" the messenger asked.

"Don't think so," opined the mechanic. "Seems to me I saw him leave about an hour ago, all dogged out in tennis whites, carrying two rackets in frames."

"Great stuff, being a movie star and never doing anything tough," the kid said, as he wandered up to ring the bell and hand over his message.

George Montgomery grinned cheerfully and returned to meddling with his car.

So you see, basically, the he-character from Montana hasn't changed (*Continued on page 76*)

7. George totes perfume, great bunches of violets and stacks of toothsome goo to Fran who says, "He knows I hate chocolate, only brings it so he can eat it himself." Fran's given Montgomery leather script holder and record-albums.



8. Portrait's been started several times; Fran can't sit still long enough to have it completed. Running conversation during sittings: "Russian for bread is 'khlyev,' potatoes are 'kartoshki'." George's best portraits so far are oils of Linda Darnell and Cesar Romero.



Kris Morgan's Birthday Party!

It's strictly kid stuff—but what fun!

We played "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" and stuffed ice cream and birthday cake till it came out our ears!



When Stan won "Pin the Tail on Donkey" he "lent" prize toy gun to Tad on Mom's "suggestion." Each kid got a favor, but Kris roped in loot—Raggedy Ann and Andy from Dad; Pluto and Panda from Mom; first pocketbook!



Party celebrated Kristen's 5th birthday. Guests came at 2:30, left at 5:30, made a "Happy Birthday, Kristen" record led by Daddy. L. to R., Kris, Dennis, Jimmy, Stan and Denny Devine!



While boys worked up an appetite at football with Dennis, girls clustered around Denny's huge dog. Climax came when Baby Jimmy was brought down to meet the mob. Very excitable, he could only stay a short while.

What Kris really wanted was perfume, but the nearest she came to it was scented soap from Dad. Won't wet it, just sniffs! She and kindergarten pal Donna Lou sneaked away and picked icing off cake when nobody was looking!



High spot was gobbling vanilla cream with chocolate turkey centers and cake! When Kris doused only 3 candles at first blow, Stan impatiently finished job. Above, Denny, Ted, Dennis, Kris, Jackie, Donna Lou, Ken, Stan and Mary.



Stan tooted bugle as kids marched to their places, made impromptu speech about Kris who's "not bad at all, now that she's grown up." Andy Devine's kids were only movie young 'uns there.



One of Judy Garland's and Dave Rose's last public appearances together was at Brentwood Players party at Little Theater. She sang for crowd to his piano accompaniment. Above, J. with Gracie Fields.



From her roster of suitors, Jane Withers picked A. C. Lyles for her biggest date of the year—New Year's Eve. He's one among millions of U. S. Army privates—actually begs for K. P. duty!



Dinah Shore, who's been giving heartbeat George Montgomery singing lessons, claims he has a promising voice. Between rehearsals of Command Performance Show, she and Red Skelton clowned for cast.

CANDIDLY YOURS

Modern Screen doesn't miss a trick! Staff candid cameraman Walt Davis focuses his lens on the stars at their off-hours play and work for Uncle Sam!



Trouble in the George Raft-Betty Grable menage—seems she's licking him right and left at pool games—and he no like! Rumors are afloat that she's dating ex-hubby Jackie Coogan these days.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

Drink a Toast to Our Armed Forces!

NEW... EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT "DRINKING COMPANIONS"

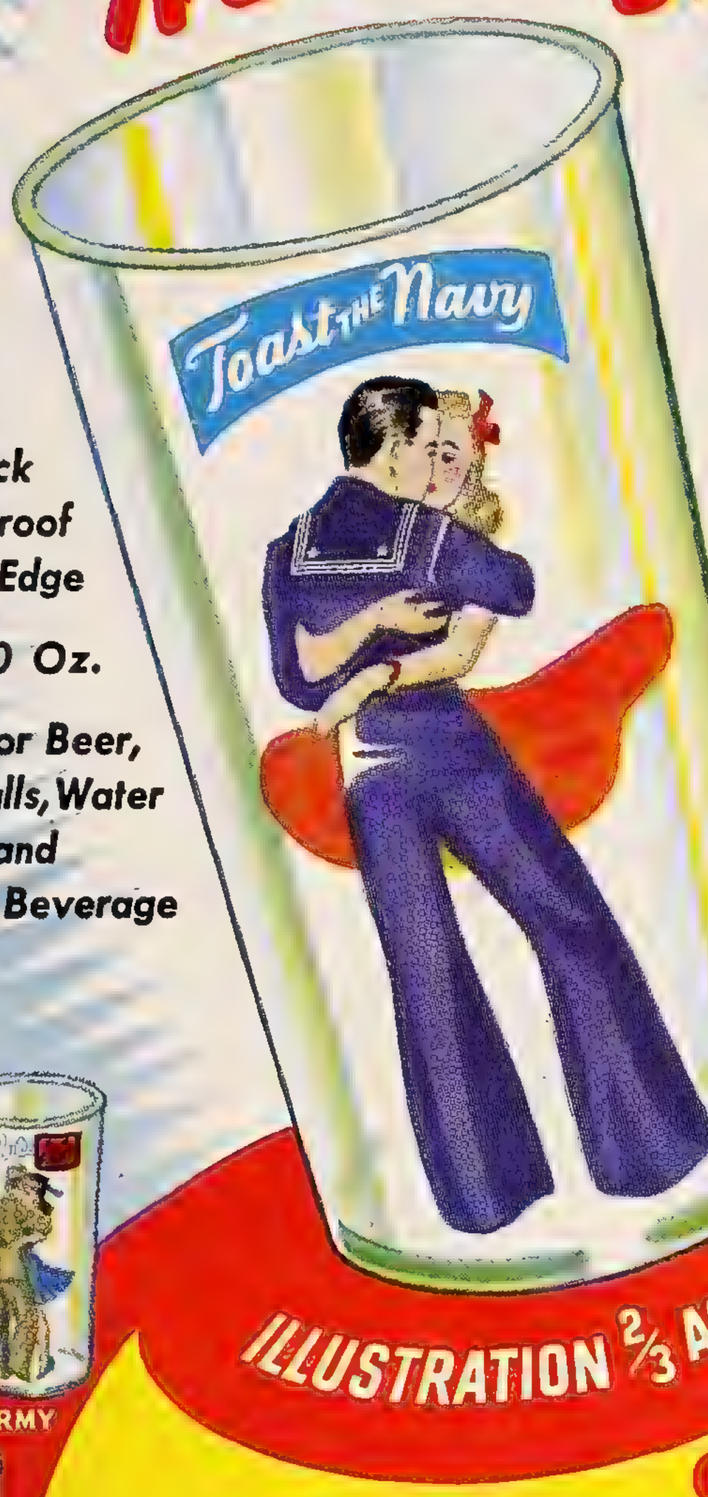
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Just think! A matched set of six, best-quality, big 10-ounce Victory drinking glasses, and on a coupon offer so amazing it may never be duplicated.

What makes these glasses so amazingly unusual is the full color design, different on each glass, saluting each different branch of our armed forces . . . Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast Guard and even the Defense Worker, ALL are "toasted" and honored. There are *two* illustrations on *each* glass. We have illustrated what you see from the front. You'll get a real kick out of the back view, when you turn the glass around. In good taste for young and old, but not for "prudes"! So, readers, accept this coupon offer now, while this special arrangement is on. You'll be glad you did!

No-Nick Chip-Proof Bevel Edge
•
Full 10 Oz.
•
Ideal for Beer, Highballs, Water and Every Beverage



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Then You'll Be Delighted When You Read the Coupon



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FREE!

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For prompt action in mailing the coupon, not only do you receive your set of 6 different full-color Victory Glasses at an amazing low price, but also you'll receive a set of 6 valuable and useful coasters, free of all extra charges. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

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Send me a set of 6 big 10-ounce illustrated Victory glasses and the free set of coasters. On arrival I will deposit with postman $1.49 plus postage charges on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set of glasses and coasters in 10 days for complete refund without question.

☐ MONEY ENCLOSED (If money with order, glasses come postpaid.)

Name.....
(Print Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ **SPECIAL:** Send me 3 complete sets, with FREE coasters for $3.49. (Due to the demand and our limited supply, only 3 sets may be ordered by one customer.)



The doctor* oughta know about this...

...my Karo bottle is empty. The grocer told Mother today he would not have any Karo 'til tomorrow. But he said that any customers who need Karo for babies will always have "priority" in his store.

The problem of the Karo people is to supply the Army and Navy and to make enough Karo besides to meet the demands of millions of hard-working Americans who need Karo's valuable food energy.

Of course the makers of Karo are working at capacity 24 hours a day. But they cannot step up quantity any further without letting down on quality—and this they will *never* do.

Now, Doctor, you and Mother and I would rather have quality than quantity, wouldn't we? So let's be patient. Occasional shortages of Karo are only temporary.

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* **IMPORTANT TO DOCTORS AND TO MOTHERS**

If your patients are unable to buy KARO regularly, please tell them to write us (postal card) giving name and address and *grocer's* name and address. We will take immediate steps to provide their grocers with KARO for babies. *Mothers*, too, are invited to write us direct (address above).

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO

CANDIDLY YOURS



That beard on Desi Arnaz is painfully sprouted for his role in "Bataan Patrol." Just recently Lucille rescued him from total disfigurement when a hot water heater exploded and set fire to his hair!



Man-short 20th-Fox's new white hope is father of four, non-draftable Phil Regan, whom they're grooming to replace Army's John Payne. Made a hit with Bette Davis on Elgin Christmas Day broadcast.



On the rocks: the matrimonial ventures of Steve Crane and Lana Turner, who're expecting an image next July. Seems his divorce decree from Missus No. 1 wasn't final till Feb., so Lana's gotten an annulment.

"REAP THE WILD WIND"

Pitting himself against a hurricane and the greed of pirates, Ray Milland wins tempestuous Paulette. Read this epic, then write your caption for our huge $4000 contest on page 82!



1. Loxi (Paulette Goddard) and salvage crew brave hurricane, reach wrecked *Cimarron,* find Capt. Martin (John Wayne) unconscious and Cutler (Ray Massey) on scene.



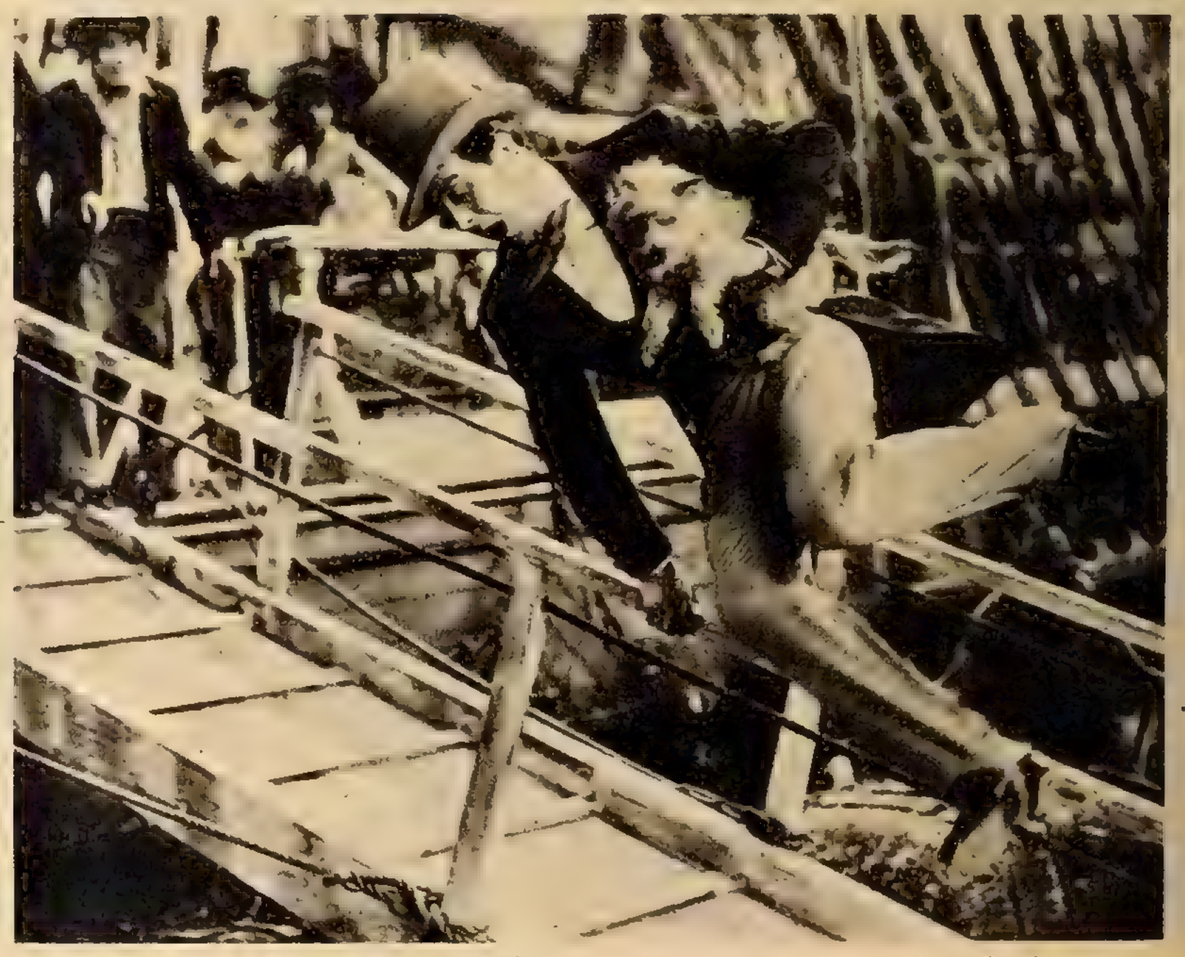
2. Loxi's cousin Drusilla (Sue Hayward) loves young Dan Cutler (Robt. Preston), sees him secretly. Meanwhile Capt. Martin, recovering at Loxi's home, is captivated by her.



3. Sent to Charleston to forget Martin, Loxi meets his business rival, Stephen Tolliver (Ray Milland), plans to use him to Jack's benefit. Tolliver falls in love with her.



4. When Jack turns up in Charleston, Loxi agrees to marry him. Their wedding, aboard departing ship, is broken up by Steve, who leaps on deck, throws Loxi overboard.



5. When Steve arrives in Key West with Loxi, the Cutler gang, thinking him too shrewd for their salvage racket, try to smash cargo net into him, but Loxi's scream warns him.



6. Learning of Cutler's plan to shanghai Steve, Loxi and Jack go to warn him and find Cutler's gang there. A terrific free-for-all follows with Steve managing to shanghai the thugs



7. King Cutler tricks Jack into promising he'll take command of the *Southern Cross* and wreck it. Stowed away is Drusilla who has promised to return and marry Dan Cutler.



8. Steve tries to head Jack off, but Loxi, in spite and anger, turns their ship into a rudderless float. In foggy dawn they see Jack's ship smashing, full speed, into a charted reef



9. As special prosecutor, Steve tries Jack. When Dan Cutler hears that a girl went down with the boat, he rages madly, promises to split case wide open if girl was his Drusilla



10. Steve and Jack dive to find Drusilla's body, battle grotesque giant squid under water. Steve comes up torn and bleeding, says he's left Jack Martin down there with Drusilla.



11. Dan whirls on brother with gun, but King shoots first. Steve quickly turns the pistol on King, putting an end to the Cutler combine and winning an adoring Loxi for himself.


Tyrone Power

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY



By Cynthia Miller

A few days' gay excursion . . . a dozen mad, sweet memories for Annabella to cherish when Ty left.

● The big white electric-eye controlled gates simply didn't move fast enough. Mr. Tyrone Power almost smacked the right hand gate, but—by a fast maneuver —swung wide and zoomed around the curved driveway to stop before the Colonial pillared house. Three nondescript mutts came loping from the back lot in full cry. One mutt is near-spaniel, one is semi-Belgian shepherd, and one is modified-Scottie. Each was rescued from starvation at some time during the past two years by the man who has a tender streak THIS wide plastered on his heart. He can't refuse man or mutt.

He took three seconds in which to pat three rapturous heads, then crossed his threshold and went bounding to the library where Annabella arose to meet him.

Catching her hands, he announced, "Everything's all set. The studio won't need me for 'Crash Dive' retakes, so we can take our motorcycle trip!"

Without further conversation, the Powers went into an elaborate minuet to express triumph, anticipation and love in general. The Powers pair have more fun out of marriage than ducks have from a mill pond.

"But the double seat," Annabella finally remembered. "It has not yet arrive!"

Annabella will never lose, entirely, her delicious French way of expressing herself. Her accent is utterly charming, her vocabulary wide (*Continued on page 64*)



Pvt. Power has already piled up 115 hours of piloting, hoped to become Marine glider pilot after 7-week boot training at San Diego base. Parting shot for 20th-Fox was "Crash Dive."



Annabella cracks gum noisily, whistles as she works, loves cooking. Ty gave step-daughter blonde mare for birthday. Little Anni, tickled to death, poetically dubbed it "Moonlight."


Betty Grable



BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also *today's* American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!



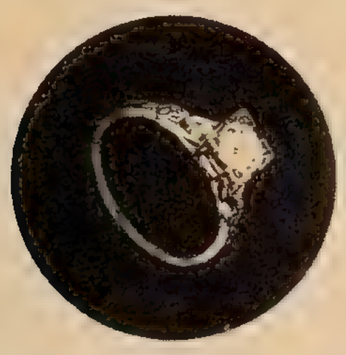
LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.



"*MY SKIN* needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my *favorite* cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!



BARBARA'S RING—is charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

BARBARA SHEETS, captivating young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war-production job to do."

Even though she works hard for long hours—she finds time to keep pretty. As Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only ½ hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. And—it's *lovely* how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This *every* night without fail—and "for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely *soft-smooth* cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price . . . at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!


Roy Rogers

Entirely New Idea in Make-up



JERGENS "TWIN MAKE-UP"

two lovely make-up aids—in ONE box to give you that young dewy-fresh look

IN A JIFFY, you've the loveliest make-up ever!

First, sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake that beauty experts are crazy about. Little skin flaws seem to disappear. Your face looks smoother!

Then, smooth on Jergens Face Powder in the heavenly new shade styled for your type of skin. How young you look! And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

This new Twin Make-up brings you your just-right shade of make-up cake *right in the same box* with *your* shade of face powder.

Only $1.00 for this whole exciting new Twin Make-up! Look naturally-lovelier in an instant! Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up today! (Jergens Face Powder, alone, comes also in regular boxes at 25¢ and 10¢.) Made by the makers of your favorite Jergens Lotion.

$2.00 Value for $1.00

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake with matching Face Powder



Boxed together, for the first time—

Both for $1.00—less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Choose the powder shade that lights up your type of skin; your twin harmonizing shade in make-up cake is right in the same box. (5 sets of shades—1 specially styled for you!) Get Jergens "Twin Make-up" today!

SMILE, PLEASE!

By Carol Carter

For that engaging smile you admire so,

take a tip from the screen stars and

keep your teeth white and sparkling!

● There's no priority on pretty, smiling girls . . . you'll find 'em driving busses, assembling bombers, studying First Aid, emoting on the silver screen. Look at the crowd of beauties on these pages! Hollywood's pearly-toothed belles are setting high smile-standards for the rest of us gals. And modern dentifrice products make it easy as apple pie for every pair of smartly rouged lips to show sparkling, stain-free teeth. Pick your own favorite cleanser: paste, powder or liquid.

No girl should neglect any phase of her beauty care. Even a natural born beauty must be positive that her teeth are always gleaming, her breath fresh, her gums healthy. Dimmed-out teeth are mean old beauty blitzers . . . and they're not at all necessary in this day of fine dentifrices. Hollywood glamour gals flash brilliant, provocative grins—and alert young moderns everywhere are jumping on the smile bandwagon.

Keep 'Em Clean!

Teeth are more precious than jewels: you wear them twenty-four hours a day, and you get only one grown-up set. Best take care of yours! Wash them twice a day at least and, if possible, again after every meal. If you're a working girl who realizes the value



Janet Blair's happy smile and pretty teeth are like her new pic, "Something To Shout About."



Deanna Durbin says for flashing white teeth brush them at least twice a day. See her lovely smile in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday."



Shirley Patterson reveals a smile that would win the heart of any soldier. She's charming to see in "Something To Shout About."

Make your smile brighter . . . lovelier. Use a new

PEPSODENT "50-Tuft" Tooth Brush



Now Improved with Heavier, Sturdier "FIBREX" Bristles



★ 50 tufts of gentle "Fibrex" . . . Du Pont's finest synthetic bristle.

★ More tufts than any other tooth brush having such a small, compact head.

★ "Fibrex" bristles won't get soggy . . . won't stay wet. Anchored tightly . . . won't shed.

of an attractive smile in business, keep dentifrice and toothbrush at your office for after-lunch use.

Choose a brush that's small enough to get around all the corners of your mouth comfortably. Its bristles should be firm but not hard, with ends blunt so they won't irritate tender gums. After every use, rinse the brush thoroughly in cold water (too warm water is apt to turn your brush into a softie). If possible, hang it in a sunny place to dry. It's a good idea to have at least two brushes for use at home, so that one is always dry and firm. Or take a tip from Janet Blair and Laraine Day who both always own at least three toothbrushes. If you're a real Prom-trotter, or if visits to a soldier-hubby keep you on the go, it's dollars to doughnuts that when you pack, you often forget your toothbrush. To prevent this travel woe, why not keep one of your extra brushes in your overnight bag? You'll then be ready for all emergencies.

Do replace your worn brushes when they need it. The effectual life of a toothbrush is from one to two months, so don't hang on to yours when its bristles become soft and worn. Treat yourself to a new one.

Artful Brushwork

There's such a variety of excellent dentifrices lined up on today's toiletries counters, that it's a simple matter of choosing the one you like best, then using it frequently enough for it to be effective. You have your choice of powder, paste or liquid tooth-sparklers, all in refreshing, "clean-feeling" flavors. Once you've made your choice, meet your dentifrice halfway by wielding your toothbrush in the approved manner. No hasty stab in the general direction of your mouth, finished off with a few desultory scrubs. There's more to it than that! In the first place, learn to give enough time to the actual scrubbing process. Scientists advise three minutes or more. No cheating, mind. Jeanne Cagney suggests that you leave your wrist watch on as a time-check. Babs Stanwyck measures her tooth-cleaning period with a tiny, three-minute "hour-glass," ordinarily used for three-minute eggs!

Brush your teeth in the direction in which they grow, away from the gums towards the biting edges, and be sure that you cover all surfaces, both inside and out. To be positive that (*Continued on page* 92)

By Fredda Dudley

Good News



It's rumored 20th-Fox has arranged another 30-day deferment for George Montgomery to finish up commitments. Above, with Good News author Fredda Dudley!

Vic Mature and Rita Hayworth engaged . . . Alan Ladd into khaki . . . Bing Crosby's home gutted by fire!

Cupid's Hot Breath on the Back of Famous Necks:

By far the biggest news story flaunted in the face of astonished Hollywood this month was the blitz-marriage of Ginger Rogers to Private John Calvin Briggs, U.S.M.C. At this point it would be very pleasant to give a brief dissertation on the nature of true love. We might justly say that the heart, crushed to earth, will rise again, because Ginger has been through two marriages and several unhappy love affairs. We might prophesy—with startling truth—that this union will last and stand heralded some day in the disant future, among the signally successful and staunchest of motion picture mergers.

The statistics look like this: Ginger met Jack on September 27, 1942. She was returning from a bond tour and stopped in San Diego. One of the men in her party knew Jack rather well, so got in touch with him and asked the Marine to have dinner with Ginger and company.

Here is the lowdown on Private Briggs, and it may make the average American girl ready and willing to trade places with his new wife. Jack was under contract to RKO for some time and did several minor pictures over there. Just as war broke out, they



Newscaster prophesied Ginger Rogers' marriage to Phil Reed a few hours before she said "yes" to Jack Briggs. Phil had met Mom, squired her around son-in-law fashion!

had decided that Jack had the stuff and were prepared to sign him to a five year contract which would have paid him $165,000. Jack said, "Thanks a lot, gentlemen, but I've got sort of a date with sort of an uncle of mine. I'll talk it over with you when the fracas is finished." And he hastened down to Marine Recruiting Headquarters and signed up.

Although Ginger had worked on the RKO lot when Jack was there under contract, they never met until that famous dinner party was arranged. Despite Jack's being 22, those who know him well admire his intellectual accomplishments and his maturity. He's a Brain, if you please, on dancing heels. And what otherwise is Ginger?

They must have found a good deal to talk about that first night, because they didn't leave the dining spot until Jack had to zip back to camp.

A week later there was a brief line in one of the columns, to wit: "Ginger Rogers at Mocambo with Marine Jack Briggs."

Several weeks later: "Ginger Rogers at The Players with Marine Jack Briggs."

And, on December 31, from Harrison Carroll's column: "Time was when Ginger Rogers objected to being photographed at night spots, but the star didn't say a word when news cameramen snapped shot after shot of her dancing at the Palladium with Marine Jack Briggs. In fact, Ginger didn't seem to know or care if anybody else but Briggs was on the floor.

"Oddly enough, the pair were accompanied by Bonita Granville, Jack's ex-girl friend and by Skitch Henderson. They didn't have any reservations and had to sit in the upper balcony."

Then, on January 15, after 10 dates, Ginger announced her engagement to Jack. She told news reporters that the wedding would take place as soon as she had a day off from Paramount's "Lady In The Dark." When Buddy de Sylva, her producer, read his morning paper, he telephoned Ginger and said, "Congratulations! Go ahead and make your plans."

A buzzing of wires goes here. Ginger got in touch with Jack, and Jack, doubtless, got in touch with plenty of gold braid and authority. Then he started for Los Angeles. His train was late, so he actually kept Ginger waiting at the Methodist Church in Pasadena until 1 A.M. Saturday, January 16.

Ginger wore a brown suit with a tiny brown hat trimmed with sable tails to match. On her brown suede bag she had pinned two white baby orchids. After the double ring ceremony, read by Dr. Edwin Day, Ginger and Jack drove with Eddie Rubin—long Ginger's close friend and confidant—to the home of Jack's mother and stepfather. Ginger's mother was there, too.

Writers who asked where Ginger planned to spend her honeymoon were told that it was a complete secret, but the newlyweds were seen the following night dancing at Mocambo, so gas rationing, Ginger's responsibility to Paramount and the brevity of Jack's leave obviously kept them fairly close to Los Angeles.

And the theme song for this whirlwind wartime romance? It might well be those poignant lines:

"For this is wisdom: to love, to live,
To take what Fate or the gods may give.
To ask no question, to make no prayer.
To kiss the lips and caress the hair.
To speed joy's ebb as you greet its flow.
To have, to hold, and in time, let go."

* * *

Romantic shocker of the month was the suit for annulment of her July 17, 1942, marriage, filed by Metro's ultra-lovely Lana Turner. Background for the litigation is this: it seems that Stephen Crane signed a property

Dream Lovely LUCILLE BALL

STARRING IN "DU BARRY WAS A LADY," AN M-G-M PICTURE



You can have her Cameo Skin-Tone

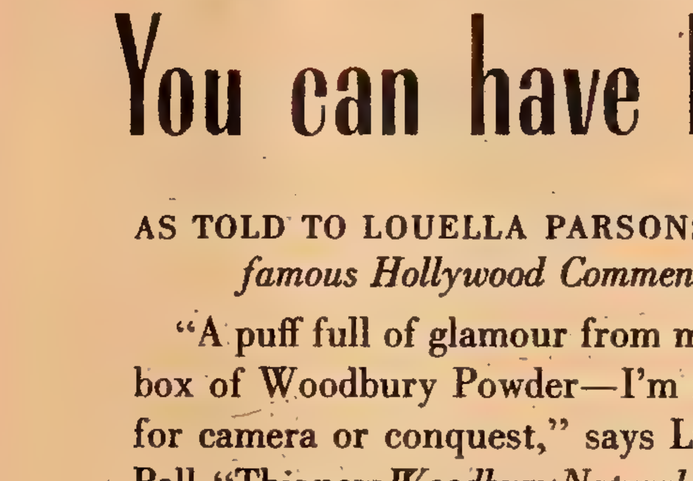
AS TOLD TO LOUELLA PARSONS,
famous Hollywood Commentator:

"A puff full of glamour from my big box of Woodbury Powder—I'm ready for camera or conquest," says Lucille Ball. "This new *Woodbury Natural* shade gives a cameo skin-tone—petal-smooth, dazzling-fair, almost transparent!"

Clever Lucille Ball is right! Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered 5 complexion colorings. Then—by a wonderful new process, Color Control—Woodbury blended flattering shades to glorify each type.

Flick on *your* Woodbury glamour shade. Instantly, your complexion seems smoother, softer, more youthful. And fragrant flower-fresh Woodbury Powder clings like a magic aura.

Woodbury Powder is only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ a box. Why not wear it *today?* Make *his* heart beat faster.



WOODBURY POWDER
Color Controlled



BEAUTY BONUS...NEW Matched Make-up

Now with your $1.00 box of Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, all in a stunning set. All just right for your coloring. All three for $1.00. Hollywood Type Chart in every box.



Upon their recent split, Judy Garland and Air Force's Dave Rose issued a joint statement explaining, "It is best for both of us to separate and work out our mutual differences."



Chums say Mickey Rooney and Ava still have those disagreements, and separation is imminent, either of their own volition or U. S. Army's which has just recently classified him 1A.



Hedy Lamarr hands out snacks at H'wood Canteen, and suitor John Loder's a busboy. Altho they're dating regularly, no wedding bells till his divorce comes thru next September.



Since Air Cadet Bob Sterling's been courting Ann Sothern, she's seen no one except Cesar Romero and ex-hubby Rog Pryor, both with Bob's full consent. Soon's her divorce is final, they'll wed.

settlement with his former wife, Carol Kurtz of Indianapolis, in February, 1941. He assumed, therefore, that he was a free man after February, 1942, and had a perfect right to marry Lana in July. Not until recently did he learn, to his horror, that his first wife hadn't secured an interlocutory decree until January, 1942, which wouldn't be final—and leave Mr. Crane without matrimonial ties—until January, 1943.

Perhaps Cupid is currently threading his bow with red tape.

There were a good many people who knew this, but who had urged Lana to keep it quiet. Yet, such are the ways of laws and lawmakers, that it seemed best to bring the situation out into the open and file suit. If the court grants an annulment, it automatically recognizes that a legal union existed when the expected Crane heir was ordered by his parents. In other words, litigation was necessary to protect the name of the baby-to-be.

After filing the suit, Lana entered a hospital—completely exhausted and suffering from a minor anemic condition. Daily visitor as this goes to press, is Steve Crane, laden with candy, flowers and any other gadget he thinks Lana will like.

* * *

Lovely, unspoiled Carole Landis, one of the most thoroughgoing right-guys in the picture business, married Captain Thomas C. Wallace in London on January 5. Carole was in England with a troupe of actors and actresses who had been entertaining American troops, and the trip—for her, at least—was one of those pit and peak experiences. One of the first things that happened to her was an attack of acute appendicitis. That bother removed, she promptly fell in love.

Captain Wallace is a native Californian, born in Pasadena. A Pasadena jeweler, in a God-bless-you-my-children gesture, made quite a display in his window, using a gorgeous glamour shot of Carole and a newspaper clipping that pictured Captain Wallace. Behind the two portraits gleamed the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

For Pasadena, noted for its utter unconsciousness of the mere existence of a town called Hollywood, this was a gigantic awakening. Particularly so in view of their pride in Captain Wallace, one of the original members of the R.A.F.'s first American Eagle Squadron.

Heartbreaking fact is that Carole has contractual obligations to fulfill at 20th Century-Fox, where she is scheduled for "Army Wife," so she will have to return to Hollywood while her husband remains in England.

And that, kids, just isn't zoot.

There will be a brief pause while you run down to the corner grocery and get another fistful of rice.

* * *

Psst! Don't tell Andy Hardy, but Polly Benedict is married! Yowsah, she up and did it the day after Christmas, i.e. Miss Ann Rutherford became the bride of David May, vice president of the May Company Enterprises, and son of Tom May, the founder.

Ann wore an azure blue dress, a pink hat and a matching pink muff made of camellias, and she looked like dawn over a field of forget-me-nots. This romance hasn't been easily brought to the altar; those who know Ann and David well, realized that they were deeply in love months and months ago. But there were many problems to be solved before they dared allow that Lohengrin Look to deepen their eyes.

There was a pall cast on their happiness before their honeymoon was well launched: David's 26-year-old sister died suddenly in Los Angeles.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both! 'Nuther Pair of Nuptials:

Lt. Dan Dailey, Jr., (remember him as a heavy in M-G-Mers?) married Miss Elizabeth Hobert, socialite, in Los Angeles.

* * *

Dick Foran of the Whoa Whoppers married beauteous blonde M-G-M starlet, Carole Gallagher, at the home of Dick's parents, Senator and Mrs. Arthur Foran, in Flemington, New Jersey. All goggle-eyed at the ceremony were Dick's two sons by his former marriage to Ruth Hollingsworth, Los Angeles socialite, Pat, aged 4, and Mike, aged 3.

* * *

Vic Orsatti, actor's agent, told Marie McDonald "I do" before a minister and gave her a mink coat as further assurance that he was fur her.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both! Heart Mart:

Everyone who knows Susan Hayward and John Carroll well is momentarily expecting either an engagement or a marriage announcement.

* * *

Richard Quine has given Susan Peters (who is utterly devastating in "Random Harvest") a spar-spangled gold and diamond brooch. She gave him a penny to take the curse off the pin's sharp point, on account of neither of them wants to have anything but harmony in their twosome. Watch this one.

* * *

When Betty Hutton became engaged to Perc Westmore, she announced that she wouldn't think of marrying until the war was over. However, the war is over so far as Perc is concerned, for he spent practically the entire time between his induction and his honorable discharge fighting an acute sinus condition. Actually, he should never have been accepted by the Army in the first place, because his trouble is one of long history. Betty, faced with a decision, chose the "no" department. Betty's career is just beginning to coagulate into something solid to the bricks, and her parents have never for a moment forgotten that she would be Perc's Wife No. 5.

* * *

Eleanor Powell is wearing Glenn Ford's diamond on That Finger. He gave it to her Christmas Day.

* * *

Most exotic engagement announcement was that of Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature. "When each of our divorce decrees is final, and when the war is over," Rita said, "we plan to be married." For some peculiar reason, a group of Los Angeles club women failed to note the pathetic tone of that statement and served some sort of resolution on the Hays Office suggesting that announcements of pending marriages be discouraged until the principals were actually eligible. Surely the best rebuttal to that is: we are in the midst of war when ordinary rules of etiquette must be abandoned. Rita had a lonely Christmas, although Vic managed to telephone her Christmas Eve. And Vic—who is well-liked by the men serving with him in the Coast Guard—is spending a good deal of his time on the North Atlantic on active duty. A man and a girl, under such circumstances, aren't likely to be patient with meaningless convention.

* * *

Checked to find that Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth celebrated their wedding anniversary on New Year's Eve. Bette spent



PLANT A VICTORY GARDEN



OUR FOOD IS FIGHTING

A GARDEN WILL MAKE YOUR RATIONS GO FURTHER



Hundreds of women have said that Mary Lowell HAND CREAM is far superior to anything else they've ever tried for dry, chapped, red, rough hands. Even if you work in industry, on farm, in store, office, hospital, or home, your hands can be kept lovely to look at—exciting to touch. Mary Lowell HAND CREAM is neither sticky nor greasy. Never smudges clothing. Large 3-oz. jar 55c at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter.

Send 10c (coin or stamps) for TRIAL SIZE.

FREE BOOKLET: "Simple Care for Hands That Toil."

Also Mary Lowell Perfumed Deodorant, 50c

HOUSE OF LOWELL, INC., TIPP CITY, OHIO

the early part of the evening at her beloved canteen, but later she and "Farney" entertained their usual group of friends at the Miramar in Santa Monica. One of the guests supplied the gift of the evening: an old-fashioned, high-necked, long-sleeved cotton nightgown for Bette and its male counterpart for "Farney." By the way, you've never really heard an infectious laugh until you've heard the first lady of the screen give forth a chortle of uninhibited amusement.

* * *

Apparently the John Huston-Olivia de Havilland romance has been issued a "C" book for heart mileage again. They went out for luncheon one day while Livvy was working on "Devotion," and were gone THREE hours.

* * *

Beautiful sight at Mocambo: John Loder dancing with Hedy Lamarr. This is the newest twosome around town, and one of the most attractive. John met Hedy several years ago in Paris; he was working in French pictures, opposite Danielle Darrieux (for whom his small daughter is named) at that time. He and Hedy both speak French fluently and with great wit. By the way, if someone wants to ask this reporter with whom she would choose to be shipwrecked on a desert island, the answer'd be Loder.

Why? First, look at the man. Second, listen to him. Did you know that he faced a firing squad and lived to tell about it? Did you know that he escaped from a German prison camp? Did you know that when you see "Old Acquaintance," you're going to be jealous of both Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins because of the tender glances they get from That Gentleman Loder? No wonder that the temperature at the Hollywood Canteen rises about 10 degrees when he and Hedy are there each Friday night.

* * *

Another romance that reached the engagement stage during the month of January was that of Maria Sieber (16-year-old-daugher of Marlene Dietrich) and Richard Haydn. No date has been set for the wedding, and the affianced pair will be separated for some time, so don't hoard your old shoes.

* * *

But watch the daily papers for the announcement of Fritz Lang's marriage to Virginia Gilmore. He plans to go East as soon as he completes "Unconquered," and the American air these days is replete with B-24's, P-38's, Cupids and Storks.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Spend for the Axis or Save for Taxes?

Comes the Ides of March, you'll be stewing (*Continued on page 86*)

When Bing's house burned down, fans sent more replacements than he could cram in a barn! Has just bought 5,000 acres in Elko, Nev., where he'll raise horses. Below, with Janet Blair on Kraft Music Hall.





Jimmy Cagney and Lt. Ronald Reagan in "Salute to the Army" radio broadcast. Jimmy was New York Film Critics' choice as best actor of '42 for his magnificent performance in "Yankee Doodle Dandy."



Marriage rumors abound about Bill Lundigan and Martha O'Driscoll. Her mom caught pneumonia after she and Martha battled flames for hours, to save their house next door to Bing Crosby's burning one.



Phil Silvers, Betty Grable and Rags Ragland on shortwaved "Mail Call" radio show. Phil, headed overseas to entertain troops, wouldn't breathe a word of where he was going. Stocked up on shorts, tho'!

Here's ROSALIND RUSSELL... *lovely as Springtime itself*



CHARMING ROSALIND RUSSELL, STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"

Here's the BEAUTY soap she uses every day !





9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap *because it's a real BEAUTY Soap*



LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: *I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.*

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: *Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.*

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: *It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!*

LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: *I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!*

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 SIZES
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 15*)

Cummings enact a touching and charming love story. Charles Laughton does a tippling butler; Sir Cedric Hardwicke (no less) and Buster Keaton do a hilarious turn as a pair of nineteenth century plumbers; Richard Haydn flutters unmistakably as a shy gent named Fulcher; Herbert Marshall has an affecting scene as a priest in a bomb shelter.

And just to show you the type of actors we still haven't mentioned, here's a list of more you will recognize: Wendy Barrie, Eric Blore, Una O'Connor, Nigel Bruce, Reginald Gardiner, Arthur Treacher, Edmund Gwenn, Dame May Whitty, Montagu Love, Patric Knowles, Denis Hoey, Elsa Lanchester, Victor McLaglen, Gene Lockhart, Reginald Owen, Edward Everett Horton, Anna Lee and Donald Crisp. They are all magnificent.

And there are more.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Virtually every member of Hollywood who once called Britain "home" had a part in the production . . . Many of the cast donated their services, worked at night because they were working at their own studio during the day . . . Production began 'way back in 1940 . . . Top favorite from England Jessie Matthews, after consistently refusing all Hollywood offers, flew here to do one sequence in the film. Luggage complications made it necessary for her to borrow clothes to wear at the very first party given in her honor in America . . . Biggest headache was getting the right people for the proper sequences together at the same time . . . Cast was so large, and players all so famous, credits were listed "in the order of their appearance." . . . Robert Coote received special permission from the R.C.A.F. to come to Hollywood on leave to do a part in the picture . . . the V.A.D. Girl, listed as "June," is June Hillman, playing her first screen role.

CABIN IN THE SKY

"Cabin In The Sky" is the love story of Little Joe Jackson (Eddie "Rochester" Anderson) and his wife Petunia (Ethel Waters). Little Joe is a good-hearted man, but his life has been one long bout of "Wrastlin' wid de devil." Joe, unfortunately, isn't a very good "wrastler"; somehow or other dice keep finding their way into his pocket, and even worse, he can't get Georgia Brown (Lena Horne) off his mind. It looks as if the devil has a double hammer-lock and a half-nelson on Little Joe.

But Petunia is in there fighting the "Lawd's" battle, and she has Little Joe all primed to come into the fold. But on the night he's to be saved, Little Joe is waylaid by a couple of his former pals; Lucius (Rex Ingram) rattles a pair of dice in his ear, whispers that Georgia Brown is waiting for Little Joe just down the road a bit at Jim Henry's Café. Little Joe is tempted . . . and goes with Lucius.

At Jim Henry's Café, Little Joe gets into a ruckus, is shot and staggers back to Petunia. Little Joe seems to be dying; and sure enough Lucifer, Jr., materializes over his bed, smirking a bit, and tells Little Joe to come along with him to the "incinerator." But the "Lawd" has heard Petunia's praying, and His General comes down to take a hand. It's decided that Little Joe is to get more months of life, and if he can whitewash his soul in that time, he can take his place with the cherubs. Lucifer, Jr., has to agree even though he complains that the General is playing "dirty pool."

So Little Joe gets his six months, with Lucifer, Jr., trying to trip him up, and Petunia and the General trying to keep his feet on the straight and narrow. It's a tough six months for Little Joe because Lucifer, Jr., sends Georgia Brown around to tempt him; and Lucius comes by rattling his dice. Little Joe holds out until Lucifer, Jr., hits on a smash idea. Lucifer, Jr., arranges for Little Joe to win the Irish Sweepstakes. And you know what happens to a man's soul when he gets his hands on a powerful lot of money. Little Joe falls off the wagon with a resounding crash. Petunia and the General have their hands full trying to get him back on again.

"Cabin In The Sky" is a musical, and with such entertainers as Ethel Waters, Rochester and Lena Horne in the leads it's smash entertainment. All the hit songs from the Broadway show are carried over into the picture with a few more added at the Hollywood end. Louis Armstrong and Buck and Bubbles figure in the cast; and Duke Ellington and his orchestra and the Hall-Johnson Choir supply the music. "Cabin In The Sky" is an imaginative fantasy and a warm, love story. Little Joe makes heaven, but it's an awful tight squeeze.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Cast and crew were goggle-eyed the day Rochester breezed in wearing a frock coat, riding boots, a big hat and drooping white mustache, carrying a gold-headed cane. "Good morning, Rochester," said director Minnelli, "just what's the idea?" "Good mornin'," came the reply. "Jes' call me Colonel."

Seems he was celebrating the victory of Burnt Cork, horse he had bought for $450, who had just won the $7500 stake race at Washington Park!

Asked by Lionel Barrymore what his highest note was, Louis Armstrong replied, "A above staff—and sometimes higher if the chops are percolating good." (Meaning if his lips are in good form.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was hiking with a friend along the Champlain Bridges connecting Ontario and Quebec, we saw the cutest little baby boy being wheeled by a lovely girl in slacks and kerchief. I couldn't resist going over to play with him. His vocabulary consisted of one word, "Bath," which, I gathered from his excited gestures, meant the river. After walking a few blocks chatting, I found that the baby's name was Michael Damien, and the mother was Maureen O'Sullivan.

Later, I dazedly accepted when she offered me a lift into Ottawa to the grocery store. I hounded her place for an autographed picture and found her not only amazingly unaffected but twice as lovely off screen as on.

Shirley H. Pickthorne,
402 O'Connor St.,
Ottawa, Canada.

P. S.—Maureen O'Sullivan was in Ottawa to be with her husband stationed near here.



Loretta Young

STARRING IN

"CHINA"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



★ *It creates a lovely new complexion*



★ *It helps conceal tiny complexion faults*



★ *It stays on for hours without re-powdering*

Create flattering new Beauty ...in a few seconds

WHAT a thrill the first time you try Pan-Cake Make-Up and find that you can actually create a beautiful new complexion, lovely in color, smooth and flawless...in just a few seconds. What satisfaction, too... when hours later you realize you haven't had to re-powder. Originally created by *Max Factor Hollywood* for Technicolor pictures, Pan-Cake Make-Up has become today's make-up fashion. Just try it once...and you, like millions of girls and women, will be devoted to it forever.

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Are You His
DREAM GIRL



Your fighting man will remember the silky smoothness of your coiffure, the bewitching dash of your saucy ringlets. His heroine has no lanky locks, unruly wisps, or disordered curls to vex his military eye.



DeLong Bob Pins will keep your coiffure in order. With reasonable care, *they'll last indefinitely*. Use them adroitly, for the duration.

Strong Grip
Won't Slip

One Does the Work of Several

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

(*Continued from page 49*)

and varied, and her combination of English and French idioms appealing beyond description. She is the story book French girl combined with terrific American good sportsmanship.

Tyrone thought over the lack of a double seat. "Let's go down and see what we can figure out," he suggested. So the Powers descended on the garage to inspect a Harley-Davidson motorcycle that is out of this world. It has two of the most beautiful tires ever to inspire envy in the eye of a man with four retreads.

Tyrone established himself on the sheepskin-covered driver's seat and wheeled the beauty out onto the driveway. "Listen to that motor," he instructed Annabella in a medium roar above the gnashing of cylinders.

"You think, yes, that we should have a rehearsal for this treep?" she screamed.

Ty nodded and obtained a cushion ordinarily used in the patio for summer sitting. He fastened it behind the driver's seat and helped Annabella to establish herself. Then he pressed the button on the electric-eye gate, shoved off and went careening down the gravel and out into the highway with his wife clinging to his waistline with awful intensity.

The wind tore at her face and plucked at her hair; the road jumped up at unexpected intervals and smacked her in spots unbecoming a gentlemanly highway. Her teeth rattled, her spine jarred, and her very rouge quivered. But when Ty yelled, "Swell, isn't it?" she yelled back, "Oh, yes. But, YES!"

That night, after this brief rehearsal, a group of friends dropped in. "Wanta hear some news?" Tyrone demanded enthusiastically. "Annabella and I are leaving tomorrow for Santa Barbara on my motorcycle. How's that for solving the gas shortage!"

tall tales . . .

A *very* dear friend said to Annabella, "Do you know what to do about cramps in the small of the back and down the legs? Well, you fill a tub as nearly full of very hot water as possible and empty into it a bag of Epsom salts. Then you climb in and soak until you are a geranium red."

Bill Goetz came forth at this point with a story. Seems that he had a very dear friend who was addicted to motorcycle trips, preferably with his girl friend cozily clasped on the back seat. Seems that they were making a moonlight trip, and what should they meet but one of those gigantic oil trucks coming back from the harbor—loaded. Crash! Blue Flames! Pink Flames! Bodies rolling across the highway! Sirens shrieking in the night, bound for a rescue too late.

"Even if you don't have an accident," someone else chimed in, "neither hot baths NOR oil rubs will lick that tired feeling. No, indeed. The thing to do, Annabella, is to order ice the instant you get to the hotel. Not just a little ice but about 15 lbs. in a cake. Set this in the middle of the bathtub and seat yourself on it. Remain there until penguins begin to march into the room, one by one, and wink at you."

Annabella began to grin. "Okay—so you reeb me. So I show you all what a good time we have sput-sputting."

The following morning they affixed a large, leather saddle bag (with silver mountings, incidentally) on either side of the rear wheels. In these bags, the American Family Power stored its tooth brushes, soap, sleeping attire and other essentials for a several days' visit.

Each of them wore ski underclothing, a pair of blue jeans, two sweaters and a windbreaker. Tyrone wore leather gloves, and Annabella wore white cotton gloves—"like a mammy singer," she told her husband. In a knapsack on her back, Mrs. Power tucked an additional sweater.

"All set?" Power, the motorcycle tycoon, demanded at last. That was about 2 P.M.

Annabella adjusted her goggles and saluted smartly. "Contact," she said, having listened to certain air talk tossed off by visiting birdmen.

no penguins . . .

She ensconced herself on the multi-springed bicycle seat and clamped her arms around the driver's middle. She looked out on a lovely landscape and hoped that she would see it soon again—sans breaks, contusions, bruises or penguins giving her the eye.

Splutter, crash, roar. Down the highway they went. And much to Annabella's astonishment, the gluteus maximus (ask your doctor if this isn't the name of the folding muscle usually supported by a chair) suffered no ill effects whatsoever. You see, the trial run had been made over rutted roads, but the actual trip was to be made over macadam highway.

Mrs. Power began to relax. She looked at the scenery instead of the gloomy side of life. She found that it wasn't necessary to clutch her partner in two-wheeled motoring; her poise was excellent without bolstering. Suddenly she realized that it was fun. She confided this fact, in a delighted shriek, to her husband.

The miles reeled off. They reached the beach highway and gloried in the sun glittering on the placid Pacific; Mrs. Power became almost unbearably proficient at motorcycle riding. "Can you see me?" she yelled to her husband, extending her arms in the manner of a scarecrow standing in a field. "I'm a sea gull. I'm flying!"

A little later on she extracted her mirror from an inner pocket and inspected her nose. It didn't exactly need powdering, but the notion of adjusting one's make-up on a motorcycle racing along Roosevelt Highway was more than she could pass up, so she added a dash of rouge and an outline of lipstick.

"Now," announced Mrs. Power, "I want to ride in that jeep you see in the news reels—the one like a kangaroo!"

This was too much for her husband, who had suspected all along that she had agreed to go on this trip, at first, because she was such a four-star good scout and not because of an adventurous spirit. He said she was wonderful—and meant it.

They stopped at a roadside stand for coffee and doughnuts after they had covered about half the distance to Santa Barbara. There were no other customers present, so Tyrone fell into a comradely conversation with the boy who drew two steaming cups of java. It seems that the boy was to go into service the following week, just as Tyrone was. They talked Army and the Marine Corps; they talked about North Africa and Guadalcanal.

Annabella wandered over to a pinball machine (her favorite game of "skill") and played a nickel. Back came 30c. So she treated her husband, making a nice little gesture of it, to coffee and doughnuts.

"I'm glad I brought you along," con-

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Keep your nails pretty, for him. Make Dura-Gloss your ally in this, as so many thousands of smart girls are doing. Dura-Gloss radiates sparkling good spirits. Protects your nails and keeps them nice. Doing your nails is a big help when you're feeling tired, "all worn out." Each nail looks so brilliant and colorful, you feel proud and confident. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, that makes it stay on exceptionally long – at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.

10¢ PLUS TAX

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
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Founded by E. T. Reynolds



WATCH his eyes shine with admiration as myriad highlights sparkle and dance in your hair. Yes—brighter, lovelier hair can easily be yours when you use Nestle Colorinse. Try it tonight—after you shampoo.



COLORINSE rinses away dulling soap film ★ adds lustrous highlights ★ makes your hair softer, silkier, too. It's not a permanent dye or a bleach. BUT—it won't rub off! It's there to stay—'till your next shampoo.



Nestle's Guide to Glamour ★ *"For lovelier hair use Nestle Shampoo* BEFORE *and Nestle Superset* AFTER *Colorinsing."*

P.S. ASK YOUR BEAUTICIAN FOR A BEAUTIFUL NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE

Nestle

COLORINSE



2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores and drug stores

fessed her husband. "You're cutting down expenses nobly!" Whereupon they looked into each other's eyes and laughed for no good reason except that they were in love and having fun.

They reached the ranch near Santa Barbara, at which they had reservations, just before dark. Their suite consisted of a bedroom—with an open fireplace—bath and living room.

Annabella, changing from jeans to a simple dress she had brought in the knapsack, observed happily, "And I don't need an oil rub or a bath of any temperature!" This was Thursday evening.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday they spent on day-long picnics. Two horses had been placed at their disposal, so they rode far back into the hills on picturesque mountain trails.

And they talked. They talked with the terrible urgency of those who are to be parted. Not that either of them considers the situation tragic; Tyrone is doing what every able-bodied man in the nation WANTS to do. And Annabella, like every loving girl alive, wants her man to be a part of this thing that is bigger than any individual plan or hope or need.

things to come . . .

They talked about Annabella's new picture, "Bomber's Moon," and they agreed that it was strictly zoot, the stuff and solid at that. They talked about their meeting when they were working on "Suez" several years ago; they talked about the joyous weeks they worked in "Liliom" together and then made a pact that in time to come—when the war is over—they will do "Liliom" again.

Sunday night, before they donned motoring clothes and scorched southward, they had dinner at one of the loveliest and most romantic of all Southern California restaurants: El Paseo de las Flores. Annabella gave her husband his "Godspeed" gift: a Miraculous Lady medal, and a military watch with illuminated hands and numerals, a stainless steel, shockproof, moistureproof case and a sweep second hand.

He gave her a gold service pin, its proud blue star a sign of our times.

And, as soon as he received it at boot camp, he sent her a gummed Marine Service Insignia for the window, special for leathernecks' families.

Those first two weeks, with Tyrone away, weren't easy. Ask any girl on earth whose husband has gone off to camp. But Annabella had promised to write every day, and sometimes the letters rolled off her pen by two's and three's. And she sent two packages during those two weeks: cookies. Because Tyrone had written to her, "I'm hungry. We have dinner at 4:30 each afternoon and then breakfast at 7 the next day."

The second week-end, Annabella and a friend pooled their gasoline stocks and drove to San Diego. When they reached the space assigned to visitors, they found perhaps 50 or 60 Marines milling about. The friend said in despair, "We'll never find Tyrone. Everyone looks exactly alike. Same dreadful haircut, same uniform. Now what shall we do?"

But Annabella was getting out of the car. Her voice shaking, she called back, "There he is. With the big, dark eyes and nothing around them!"

Clinging together, they talked rapturously. Husband and wife talk, some of it, that belongs only to Tyrone and Annabella. But there were anecdotes, too. Tyrone found that none of the men in his platoon had hangers on which to keep their G.I. blouses neat, so he wrote to Bill Goetz at 20th and suggested that a shipment of 50 hangers would be tops.

Bill cooperated: He sent 49 substantial, plain hangers for the platoon, but to Tyrone he sent a perfect production of a hanger: a dainty little blue satin, padded number, tied with pink bows. Private Power will never live it down.

Private Power had another one to tell. You may have seen the March of Time's magnificent documentary film on the Marine Corps. If so, you heard the Marine's Creed of the Rifle. It seems that in the Marine Corps, one never refers to his armament as a gun. It's a rifle.

Inadvertently, Private Power mentioned his "gun." So, as discipline, he thereafter wrote 200 times, "400,000 Marines have a rifle. I have a gun."

On January 20, International News Service carried this announcement: "Commended as an example of a good Marine, Private Tyrone Power, former film star, today was named honor man of his platoon at the San Diego Marine Recruit Depot. As the platoon's outstanding member, Power was awarded an honor medal by Colonel George T. Hall, depot commander."

In other words, local boy makes good. His wife will undoubtedly have that news dispatch framed. Then she will carry it around with her for weeks, showing it to everyone who might be in the least interested. Because that's the way with people in love: they take enormous pride in one another, they find fun in the same mad excursions and precious memories.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

You're quiz-ical brighties, and we love you for it! The way you positively gulp the stuff down is wonderful. But better rehearse the thing before you start gulping. Below there are 20 clues. On pages 79 and 90 there are two more sets of clues. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of hints. 20 questions . . . at 5 points each . . . adds up to 100 . . . and a big A plus for you. Get it? Then grasp your pencil stub firmly and begin. A score of 50's normal, 60's good, 80 is in our class, and anything over's strictly genius. No fair flipping to page 96 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. White Christmas
2. Rafts of love
3. The "Minor"
4. Roanoke, Va.
5. Orchids to Ellie
6. Topping
7. Cossack Cowboy
8. Reserved for Bush
9. "Button-nose"
10. French spouse
11. Slacks-mad
12. D above high C
13. Partnered Astaire
14. Ex-announcer
15. British boxer
16. No. 1 lover
17. "Uncle Joe"
18. Tenor
19. "Star Spangled Rhythm"
20. 100% Sterling

(*Second set of clues on page* 79)

SO LONG, JOHNNY

(*Continued from page 29*)

had said, when he tested for Gimpy in "Dead End" with Andrea Leeds.

"I thought you were run-of-the-mill, but I don't think so now. They may knock you around for a while, but don't let them throw you. Stick it out, Payne."

Okay, he'd stick around for a while longer. He'd free lance. That way, at least he could pick his parts, if any. He did one free-lance job for Warners'. They got stuck for a leading man and, with grim satisfaction, he charged them double his contract salary. That lasted three weeks.

* * *

Five barren months followed. At first he didn't worry, took a little vacation.

Hitler started banging into Poland. England and France declared war. He and Anne spent hours at the radio. This was the end of appeasement, the beginning of what? Something world-wide, that was a cinch. Something we'd all be swept into before it was over. He caught himself thinking of planes—of himself in a plane—that dream of his boyhood— But he shook it off.

He'd touched the depths of depression when the summons came from Twentieth Century-Fox. They tested him for two parts. The one with Zorina was a flop. He could have told them it would be.

The second test was with Linda Darnell for "Stardust." He played a big, awkward football champ from Texas. Irving Cummings directed. "I want you to feel easy," he said. "If the script line doesn't come natural, say something else." John practically re-wrote the test as they shot it. It took 15 minutes. It fitted him like a pair of old shoes.

Christmas Eve. He and Anne were trimming the tree when the phone rang. They told him he was hired. They told him he'd start in January. Anne squealed while he talked. When they got back to the tree, he said it looked different.

* * *

The first picture at 20th-Fox. Noteworthy for several reasons, apart from his return to work.

He met director Walter Lang, husband of the fabulous Fieldsie, as colorful a gal as her pal, Carole Lombard.

John shook through the early days of "Stardust" as he'd shaken through "Dodsworth." Walter was patient, helpful and understanding. More, Walter had faith in him. He also turned out to be a kindred spirit. Walter and Fieldsie became his closest friends.

Anne told him he was going to be a father. He blew all his lines that day. People kept bringing him chairs, feeling his forehead, taking his pulse. All the good tired old gags, but he liked it—

* * *

The night Julie Anne was born.

All his life John had dreamed that some day he'd have a good story to tell a cop. It was almost midnight. He had to get Anne to the hospital in a hurry, so he streaked down Sunset Boulevard at 75, eyes peeled for that lurking motorbike, ears cocked for that whistle. Bring on your cops! He wouldn't even slow up. "Sorry, old fellow," he'd yell, "but if you don't mind, I'd better get my wife to the hospital." Bring 'em all on! He'd have a story to melt the stoniest heart!

Not a cop showed.

He'd brought along three packs of

(*Continued on page 70*)



A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn by Maria de Kammerer

Too busy for Beauty?

You Need a *Satin-finish* Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee



ARE YOU one of America's super-busy women? Are you often even too busy for beauty? Yes? Then you owe it to yourself to try one of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...lipsticks that, once on, STAY ON!

Only Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks bring your lips such exquisite grooming. Not too moist, not too dry. The glorious Tangee shade of your choice seems to FLOW on to your lips...keeping them flawlessly smooth far longer than you would dream possible.



I suggest you let one of our SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks spare you much anxious wondering about the state of your make-up! I suggest, too, that you wear the special rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick...the special shade of Tangee's UN-Powdery face powder that matches your complexion.

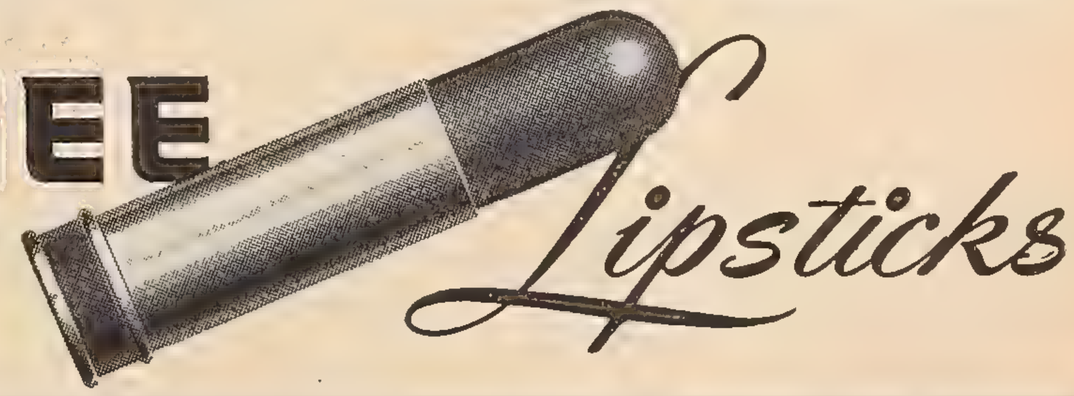
NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade,"...always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL..."Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE SATIN-FINISH



Lipsticks



BEAUTY—*glory of woman*
LIBERTY—*glory of nations*
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The second in a series on



THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES

RUSSIA

By Marjorie Deen

There was some question as to whom we should choose to speak for Russia in this, the second of our series on the favorite foods of our Allies. At this point, along came our editor with the pertinent suggestion that we call on George Montgomery, who—being of Russian extraction—might well be able to enlighten us on the subject. Or who would at least know where we could go for authentic recipes which, though typical of the land of their origin, would be practical for us to follow over here. Fortunately George both could and did solve our problems.

First, by introducing us to his Mother. "Mamotchka"—which is George's pet name for her—came to this country from Russia many years ago. However, she has clung to the cooking methods and cherished the customs of her native land. In fact, Mrs. Letz still speaks no English! Happily, George, the apple of her eye (and the youngest of a family of 15, I've been told!), was on hand to act as interpreter.

The second of George Montgomery's helpful suggestions was that we hie ourselves over to Russia War Relief Headquarters (they're located in all the big cities and in many smaller ones, you know), where we would be able to secure—for the modest fee of a dollar—the "Russian Cook Book for American Homes." As we subsequently discovered, when we followed George's sage advice, this little publication "helps to swell the funds available for Russian war relief"—while at the same time it fulfills its purpose of providing "recipes developed by average Russian-Americans which successfully translate their various national dishes into terms of our markets, to add novelty, color and substance to our own menus."

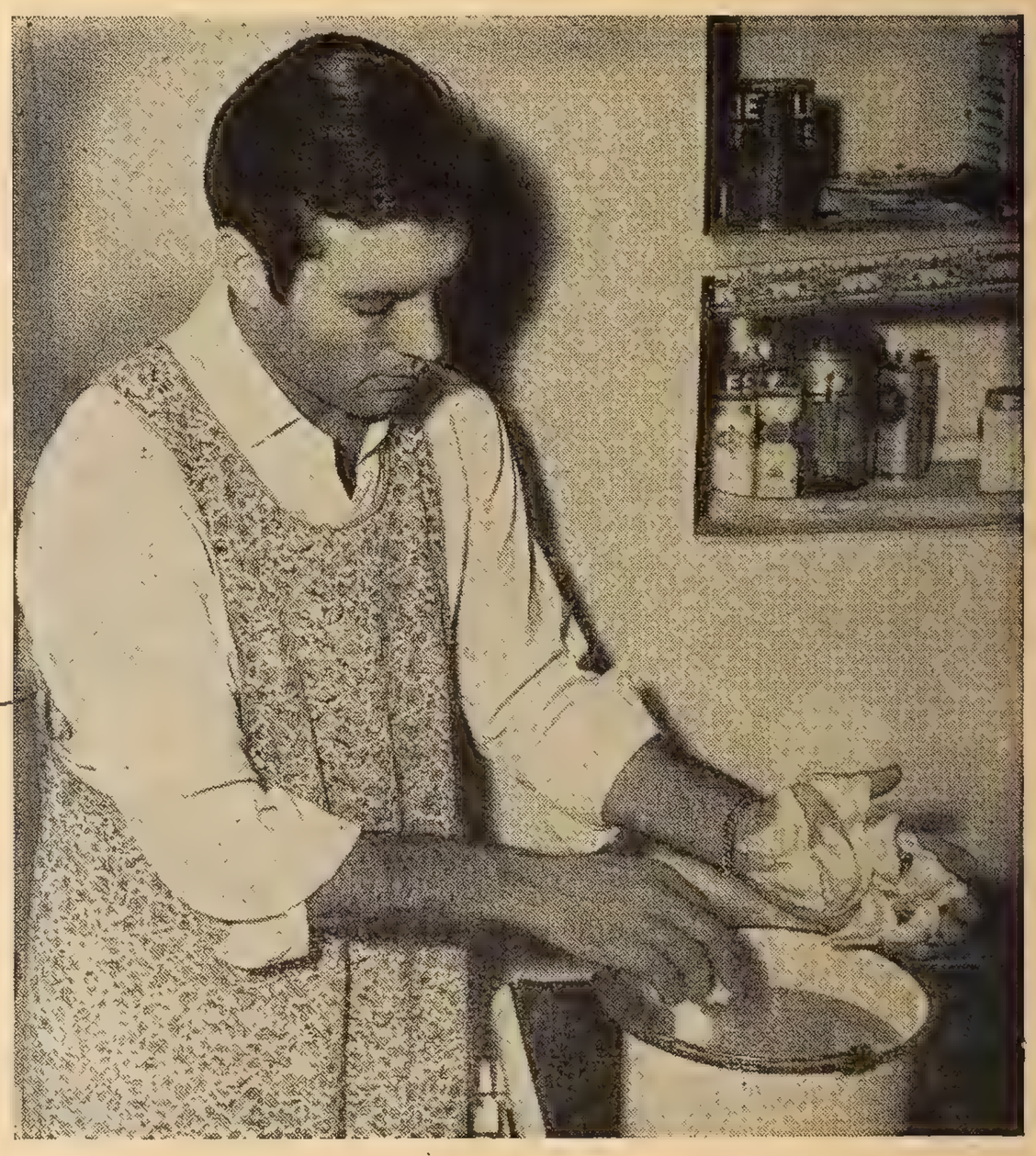
Russians, according to both this volume and George Montgomery's mother, can teach us to make better use of our own fish supply in ways that are novel but not difficult. Their soups—as is the case with so many European countries—are hearty and often comprise, in whole or in part, the main course of the meal. They cook their vegetables with distinction and rely heavily upon sour cream, both in the actual preparation and as a final topping when they come to the table. Many of their desserts feature fresh fruits, so we have chosen one outstanding example to give you here.

But it was of Russian meat dishes that we spoke at greatest length because of the fact that Mrs. Letz was preparing one when we arrived. This was "Pelmeny"—a meat combination encased in a "pocketbook" of dough, something like Ravioli, with which most of us are already familiar. Deep-fat-fried, these become "Chuburiaki," which she fixes especially for her youngest, George, who assured us that they are "even better" when cooked in this fashion. In fact he went right to work, while we were there, to prove his point!

Unfortunately "Mamotchka" found it difficult to give us exact proportions. So we went for these to the Russian Relief Cook Book, where we found a "Pelmeny" much like hers, supplied by the Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitsky—one of the many famous folk represented in this useful little volume.



"Mrs. Letz" to her neighbors back in Montana, "Mamotchka" to her son, George Montgomery, who always talks with her in Russian and proclaims her an A-1 cook in any man's language!



George, as a boy, used to be called upon to give "Mamotchka" a hand in the preparation of meals for their tremendous family—still enjoys helping when she makes "Pelmeny" or "Chuburiaki."

PELMENY

Dough:

2 eggs
3 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups sifted flour, approximately

Filling:

¾ pound rib steak
1 lean mutton chop
a little kidney suet
salt, pepper, water

Beat eggs slightly with the water and salt. Stir in enough flour to make a firm paste. Let stand 1 hour. Roll out very thin and cut into rounds.

Filling: Have butcher grind together, twice, the combined meats and suet. Add salt and pepper to taste, also a chopped onion if desired. Moisten with a little water or bouillon. Place a small amount of this filling in center of each round of dough. Moisten edges of dough slightly, fold over the dough and press edges together firmly.

For *Pelmeny:* Drop into boiling salted water or into boiling water and bouillon mixed and cook 10-15 minutes. For *Churubiaki:* Drop into hot fat, cook until brown, then take frying kettle off direct heat and let them stay a minute or two longer to make sure that the meat filling is well cooked. Remove from water or fat, drain well. Serve with melted butter or margarine, or with sour cream or a well-seasoned tomato sauce.

Economy Footnote: Even less meat will be required if you "extend" the meat filling with left-over cooked breakfast cereal in proportions of two-thirds meat to one-third cereal.

Another thing I discovered on going through the Russian Relief Cook Book is that if you make this identical pastry and use as a filling either sweetened, well drained fruit, or a mixture of 1 cup cottage cheese and 1 unbeaten egg, seasoned with salt and pepper, and cook it by the boiling water method, you have still another Russian specialty—*Vareniki.*

Serve any one of the meat or cheese combinations mentioned above with big bowls of that justly famous soup, *Borsch,* for an interesting and economical meal. Follow this with a Russian fruit dessert called *Kisel,* and you will have a repast that will delight any family.

Kisel is a simple-to-make sweet that is popular in many North European nations. Danes will recognize it at a glance as their own *Rodgrod med Flode* with but few, if any, changes. Americans may decide that it's "just another cornstarch pudding"—in which, happily, they would be mistaken, as a trial of this recipe will prove.

KISEL

Wash and drain 1½ pounds of fresh fruits. (Any combination of two or more fruits in season may be used such as: cranberries and strawberries, blackberries and raspberries, currants with blueberries and late cherries.) Place fruits in saucepan with just enough water to cover. Bring to a boil, then simmer gently for 10 minutes, stirring and mashing fruit frequently to extract all possible juice. Strain through a fine sieve. Add 3 teaspoons grated lemon rind and approximately 1¼ cups sugar (depending upon the sweetness of the fruits that are used). Bring to a boil. Measure sweetened juice. For each 2 cups of liquid allow 1-1½ tablespoons cornstarch. Moisten cornstarch with a little cold water, add 1 cup of the hot fruit juice, stir well, then combine with remaining fruit juice. Cook until smooth and clear, stirring constantly. Place in serving bowl, sprinkle surface with a little granulated sugar and chill thoroughly. Serve in small deep saucers and pass cream, top milk or whipped evaporated milk, slightly sweetened and flavored with a little lemon juice.



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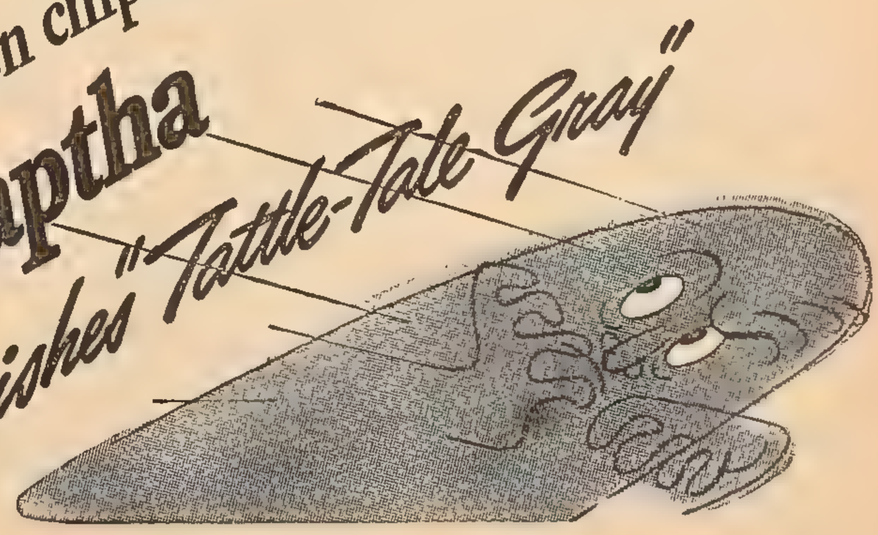
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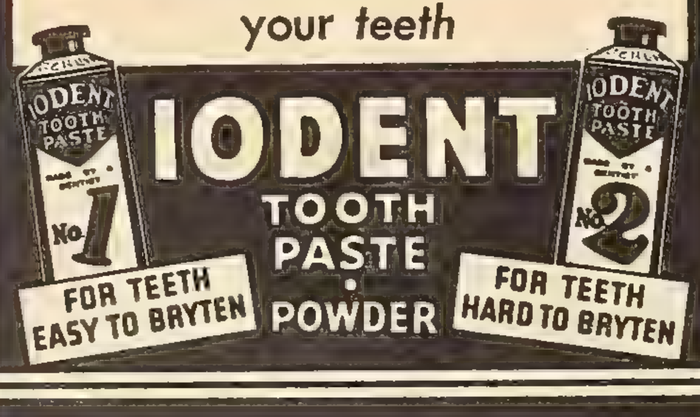
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This space paid for by the IODENT CO.

(*Continued from page 67*)

cigarettes, to last him the night. Before he'd opened the first, before he'd got well started pacing, the nurse appeared. "It's a girl."

* * *

That uneasy feeling at the studio. Signs and portents in the air of another brush-off. (Later he found that he hadn't imagined it. But for Walter's plugging, he'd have been out on his ear.)

There was a picture coming up called "Tin Pan Alley"; Lang directing. It was scheduled for someone else. Walter wanted him, because the guy was a big guy and a fighter. He'd never get it. The part was too good, the cast was too good, the whole thing was too good to be true for him.

Walter must have had a whale of a pull. He got it.

The picture was finished. He sat around waiting for the preview like a hen waiting for her last chicken to hatch. This would be *his* last chicken if it laid an egg, no mistake about that and to hell with mixed metaphors.

Preview night. First he wasn't going, then he was, then he wasn't. In the end he went, alone; couldn't bear to have even Anne watching it with him. Got there two hours ahead of time, slunk upstairs to a balcony seat—

Eons passed. What on God's green earth had he come for? He wasn't being paid to torture himself. He could walk out. He couldn't walk out.

It was over. They'd liked it. He sat through the other picture again. That was twice he'd sat through it, and he still didn't know what it was.

* * *

Working all night on "Tripoli." In the lake on the back lot all night, soaked to the skin. Dawn breaks, and you finally get to shore. Someone hands you a cigarette. The first drag at that cigarette, better than any drug ever tasted.

You're dead tired, yet curiously alive to sensation. The world seems new-washed. Sunrise over the ocean as you drive home, pennants of violet and rose —a meadow lark singing—

Upheaval. In December, Pearl Harbor. In January, he and Anne.

* * *

After the split-up, he made his scheduled trip East for the President's Ball, went home to Virginia for a week, sat around and let Mom feed him.

* * *

Now he had to figure things out. With a wife and child, he hadn't been drafted. Now he wanted to enlist.

He wanted to fly. He'd always wanted to fly. As a kid, he'd been nuts about planes, forever building 'em, forever cracking them up.

He dug through Army literature, found he was too old and too big for combat flying, but could qualify for the Army Air Corps Reserve. If he stood up under the training, he'd be eligible to fly any big ship.

* * *

Julie. Two and a half now, a handful of charm and personality that could hold its own in a sensible conversation and wheedle the hind leg off a donkey.

No fear in her. That was good. He'd pick her up by the legs, flip her in the air and catch her. Onlookers squealed in dismay, she yelped for more. At the beach you had to watch her like a hawk. She loved to chase those waves. They'd tumble her over and over, and up she'd come, spouting and gurgling like a fountain. Sundays in the sand behind the beach house he'd taken at Santa Monica. Digging holes, building castles, hunting seashells, watching gulls, swimming with Julie hanging on to his neck.

Julie's tricks and wiles. The way she'd ask a question and when you supplied the answer—"Oh," she'd say, "I knew that." The gag she worked out to nail him down when he went to see her at Anne's. He'd have to read her 40,000 nursery rhymes.

The day he took her on the set. When they were ready to shoot, he said, "You sit there and watch till I come back." She sat for five minutes, then walked in and ruined the take. Once, it was funny. Twice, it would have been. The next time she sat.

He'd seen too many spoiled kids to take a chance on spoiling his own. Only made it tough on 'em later when they had to buck the world, which was no fond parent. Julie never got tanned without knowing why. When she ran wild, he'd give her enough rope, let her hang herself, explain why she had it coming, then paddle her little bottom good and pink. For three minutes she wouldn't speak to him, then she'd be all over him, patting his cheeks, giving him the works. Like all women. Treat 'em rough and they somehow smooth out.

Nice, how she took to Mom right off the bat. As a rule, she was stand-offish with strangers. Smart kid, must have sensed Mom couldn't be a stranger. Used to give her the back of her neck to kiss. (Wouldn't mind kissing it himself right now—)

* * *

Mom had stayed a month. Got all his socks darned, among other things. When Jerry darned 'em, they popped the next minute.

He'd bought his motorbike then, so she could use the car when he wasn't working. The rest of the time they spent together. Anne sent Julie over every day. With a load of flowers on Mom's birthday. They drove up to Santa Barbara for dinner that evening. No gas rationing then. Back along the coast to the beach house. He'd wanted Mom there while he still had the beach house. She loved the ocean, same as he did. He'd wanted her and Julie to know each other.

When she left, things began to break up.

* * *

Jerry went first. His people were in the Philippines. Not much fun, watching Jerry through the days of Bataan and Corregidor. Less fun for Jerry. Late at night you'd pass his door and hear the radio going. One newscast after another.

John found him in the kitchen one day, staring drearily at the stove.

"Anything I can do, Jerry?"

"Mr. John, a machine-gun is better now than saucepans."

"Whenever you like, Jerry. I'll be leaving soon, too."

He joined the Second Filipino Division. John took him to the train. There seemed to be something on his mind as they said good-by.

"I would like to work for you again when the war is over."

"It's a deal."

Still Jerry lingered. "Mr. John—be careful, please, what you eat in the restaurants."

John said he would. Visibly relieved, Jerry departed, followed by the eyes of his erstwhile boss. "The blankety-blank!" he swore softly. "He goes to fight Japs, and I should be careful."

(*To be continued*)

Jeanne Barrie Fashion Stores

(See MODERN SCREEN'S Contest, Pg. 82)

Allentown, Pa.	*H. Leh*
Alexandria, La.	*Wellan's*
Altoona, Pa.	*Meyer Jonasson Co.*
Amarillo, Tex.	*White & Kirk*
Ambridge, Pa.	*Pearl Fashion Shoppe*
Atlanta, Ga.	*Rich's, Inc.*
Augusta, Ga.	*Saxon Cullum Inc.*
Austin, Tex.	*Scarbrough & Sons*
Baltimore, Md.	*Stewart & Co.*
Baton Rouge, La.	*Dalton Co.*
Birmingham, Ala.	*Burger-Phillips Co.*
Bozeman, Mont.	*Riddle's*
Bristol, Tenn.	*King Co.*
Carthage, Mo.	*Ramsay Bros.*
Charleston, W. Va.	*The Diamond*
Chattanooga, Tenn.	*Loveman's, Inc.*
Cincinnati, Ohio	*Mabley & Carew*
Cleveland, Ohio	*Stearn Co.*
Columbia, S. C.	*Kohn & Co.*
Columbus, Ga.	*Kirven Co.*
Columbus, Ohio	*Fashion Co.*
Dallas, Tex.	*Harris & Co.*
Danville, Ill.	*Meis Bros.*
Danville, Va.	*L. Horman*
Dayton, Ohio	*Johnston Shelton Co.*
Durham, N. C.	*Ellis Stone Co.*
Elgin, Ill.	*Joseph Spiess Co.*
Elmira, N. Y.	*Rosenbaum's*
El Paso, Tex.	*Popular Co.*
Evansville, Ind.	*De Jong's, Inc.*
Fairmont, W. Va.	*Hartley & Son*
Ft. Smith, Ark.	*Pollock Stores Co.*
Ft. Worth, Tex.	*Monnig Co.*
Great Falls, Mont.	*Paris Fligman Co.*
Gulfport, Miss.	*Northrop Co.*
Hamilton, Ohio	*Robinson-Schwenn Co.*
Hartford, Conn.	*A. Siegel*
Helena, Mont.	*Fligelman's*
Houston, Tex.	*Foley Bros.*
Indianapolis, Ind.	*Wasson Co.*
Jackson, Miss.	*R. E. Kennington*
Jacksonville, Fla.	*Cohen Brothers*
Johnson City, Tenn.	*King's, Inc.*
Joplin, Mo.	*Ramsay Co.*
Kansas City, Mo.	*Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.*
Knoxville, Tenn.	*George & Sons*
Lansing, Mich.	*Knapp Co.*
Lexington, Ky.	*Smith & Co.*
Lima, Ohio	*Gregg Co.*
Little Rock, Ark.	*Pfeifer Bros.*
Lynchburg, Va.	*Moses & Co.*
Manitowoc, Wisc.	*Schuette Bros.*
Martinsburg, W. Va.	*Cohan & Son*
Memphis, Tenn.	*Goldsmith & Sons.*
Middletown, Ohio	*John Ross Co.*
Monroe, La.	*Masur Brothers*
Mt. Vernon, Ohio	*J. S. Ringwalt*
New Kensington, Pa.	*Silverman's*
New Orleans, La.	*Maison Maurice*
New York, N. Y.	*Arnold Constable*
Norfolk, Va.	*Ames & Brownley*
Oklahoma City, Okla.	*Brown Co.*
Parkersburg, W. Va.	*Dils Bros.*
Pensacola, Fla.	*Bon Marche, Inc.*
Philadelphia, Pa.	*Gimbel Bros.*
Phoenix, Ariz.	*Korricks Co.*
Pittsburgh, Pa.	*Grastenfield's*
Portsmouth, Ohio	*Marting Bros.*
Sacramento, Cal.	*Hale Bros.*
Salt Lake City, Utah	*Auerbach Co.*
San Francisco, Cal.	*Hale Bros.*
San Jose, Cal.	*Hale Bros.*
Schenectady, N. Y.	*Barney Co.*
Sheridan, Wyo.	*Baertsch's*
Spartanburg, S. C.	*Smith Co.*
Springfield, Ohio	*Edward Wren Co.*
Syracuse, N. Y.	*Chappell & Sons*
Tallahassee, Fla.	*Steyerman's Style Shop*
Tampa, Fla.	*Falk's Dept. Store*
Thomasville, Ga.	*Steyerman's, Inc.*
Trenton, N. J.	*Yard's Store*
Tulsa, Okla.	*Brown-Dunkin Co.*
Utica, N. Y.	*Price & Co.*
Washington, D. C.	*Hecht Co.*
West Frankfort, Ill.	*Fashion Shop*
Wichita, Kan.	*Rorabaugh-Buck Co.*
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	*Fowler, Dick & Walker*
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Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

MILLION DOLLAR BABY

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Er—we're having a baby in May."

"You must be expecting a girl," the saleswoman ventured. "Have you planned a name for her?"

"I want to call her Alice, Jr., but my wife is holding out for Jill. Then, if our next baby is a boy, we'll call him Jack," Phil explained. He stalled for several moments after the sale was complete. He touched the lace of the crib with great, apologetic male hands. "I beg your pardon, but do you have a jewelry department in the store?"

This direction firmly in mind, the prospective father descended to the main floor and purchased—guess what! An anklet! The smallest anklet in captivity.

doting daddy . . .

So Miss Harris' first gifts from her father were a classy one-room apartment and an equally smart identification tag. Of course, the first thing the doctor said, when he supervised the removal of the new baby from hospital to Harris' home was, "Get rid of that frou-frou! Not enough air, not enough light. Cushy stuff like that collects bacteria. Move it out!"

Once Phil had seen his new addition safely installed in the nursery, he hurried back to Alice. When she came out of the clouds long enough to smile mistily at him, Phil announced proudly, "She looks exactly like you, honey. She's got the biggest, bluest eyes you ever saw!"

After a moment of silence, he added softly, looking down at Alice, "Think of the luck of a little girl, to have Alice Faye for a mother!"

Those who think of Phil Harris as having been born in a French horn and having grown up under a night club table should stop to realize that Phil is a native of Tennessee, that he grew up in a country town and learned to ride as soon as he learned to walk.

He has the deep emotional streak of the true Southerner and the intense loyalty to home. So, night after night during his tour, he telephoned Alice. Not once, but twice, three times, four times. Finally, one of the bandmen proposed an improvement. "If we have a telephone booth installed on the orchestra platform, Phil can conduct while he's talking to Alice," he suggested.

When the baby was six weeks old, Alice couldn't endure being separated from Phil for another moment. She had secured a competent trained nurse to take care of the blue-eyed infant, so she flew to join Phil and complete the tour with him. "I was severely criticized for doing this," Alice said on the set of "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

"But, to be truthful, I'd do exactly the same thing again. After all, a young baby needs nothing but excellent physical care. There wasn't a thing on earth that *I* could do for the baby that couldn't be done as well by a trained nurse.

In addition to her loneliness, Alice had another—and entirely generous—motive in leaving the baby and joining Phil. She felt that getting acquainted with the new member of the family was an adventure that she and Phil should share. She didn't feel that it would be fair for her alone to see the first genuine smile, hear the first morning coo or witness the first discovery of chubby hands and feet. She didn't want the baby to grow accus-

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3, at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices.

So Long, Johnny (Payne) ..... ☐
Million Dollar Baby (Alice Faye, Jr.) ☐
"Lucky Jordan" ..... ☐
Ronald Reagan (Part II) ..... ☐
Kris Morgan's Birthday Party ..... ☐
Sentimental Journey (Ty & Annabella) ..... ☐
Good News ..... ☐
Big Guy (George Montgomery) ..... ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? .....
What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....
.....
.....

My name is .....

My address ..... **City** ..... **State** .....

I am ..... **years of age.**

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tomed to one person, a mother, and then meet a father at some later date.

By the way, the Harris family is not a trio—as you may have thought—but a quartet. Phil has an eight-year-old son, Phil Harris, Jr., who is presently a student at a Los Angeles military academy.

Ever since Phil and Alice have been married, Phil, Jr., has spent his free week-ends with them. He doesn't miss much, but he always consults his father about a doubtful or a serious situation.

In the spring of 1942, he took his father aside one Sunday and asked, "Is there going to be a baby around here?"

Phil said, man-to-man, that there *was*. Phil, Jr., had nothing at all to comment, but the expression on his face was that of a hepcat given a permanent pass to the Palladium, which is Hollywood Heaven to solid senders.

big brother . . .

Phil, Jr., could scarcely wait for young Alice to get big enough for him to spend Saturday afternoons trundling her around in her pram. Whenever he is permitted, he holds her in his lap and carries on long one-sided conversations about the affairs of his school, athletic career and the condition of the world. Miss Harris listens raptly for a time, but her big brother's voice is very soothing, and the sandman is always nigh. Phil, Jr., grinning down at her, holds the young lady while she naps.

Phil, Jr., is known in the family as "Tookie," but for heaven's sweet sake, don't tell any of the kids at school. Alice, Jr., is still called The Baby.

The Baby has a great deal to anticipate from the future. A preview of her training may be gained by reporting the manner in which Tookie has been reared so far.

Phil Harris was no novice father when his daughter put in appearance; he had served his apprenticeship with Tookie. For years, Phil—who prides himself on his cooking ability—prepared all of Tookie's meals. Formula stuff, mind you, complete with vitamin charts, caloric content and table manners.

So The Baby will undoubtedly have her diet—once it progresses beyond the slushy stage—supervised by her dad.

hobby horse . . .

Item: No matter how late he had returned from his night club work the preceding night, Phil made it a point, in pre-war days, to get up the next morning and go horseback riding with his son. Miss Harris will undoubtedly be tutored in the fine art of horsemanship.

You may count upon The Baby learning to take care of herself in the clinches, too. Tookie has already taught her how to double her fists and dish out a miniature right hook.

You may depend on it that Little Miss Harris is going to be musical, or else. At least she is going to be so thoroughly exposed that she will have to possess the iron-clad determination of a General Sherman tank to resist the lure of bass and treble clefs.

For years, Phil has taken Tookie to the Benny rehearsals each Sunday morning. Naturally, as soon as Muffett has grown up enough to enjoy it, she will be taken along. There are some uncharitable enough at this point to say that if Mr. Benny plays his violin for her, La Belle Harris is going to be early discouraged from a musical career.

The Baby's been dozing to the strains of Mama's super smooth lullabies for

(*Continued on page 75*)



Zero hour

CAN THIS BE YOU glued to your bed . . . wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours . . .

You've dreamed how it would be . . . you, proud and sure of yourself . . . dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room" that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl . . . your own special idea!

But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on these days . . . why can't you?

Then in bursts your forgotten house-guest . . . and you pour out your woes. "Looking for sympathy?" she asks. "That won't help—. . . but Kotex sanitary napkins *will!* Because they're more comfortable" . . .

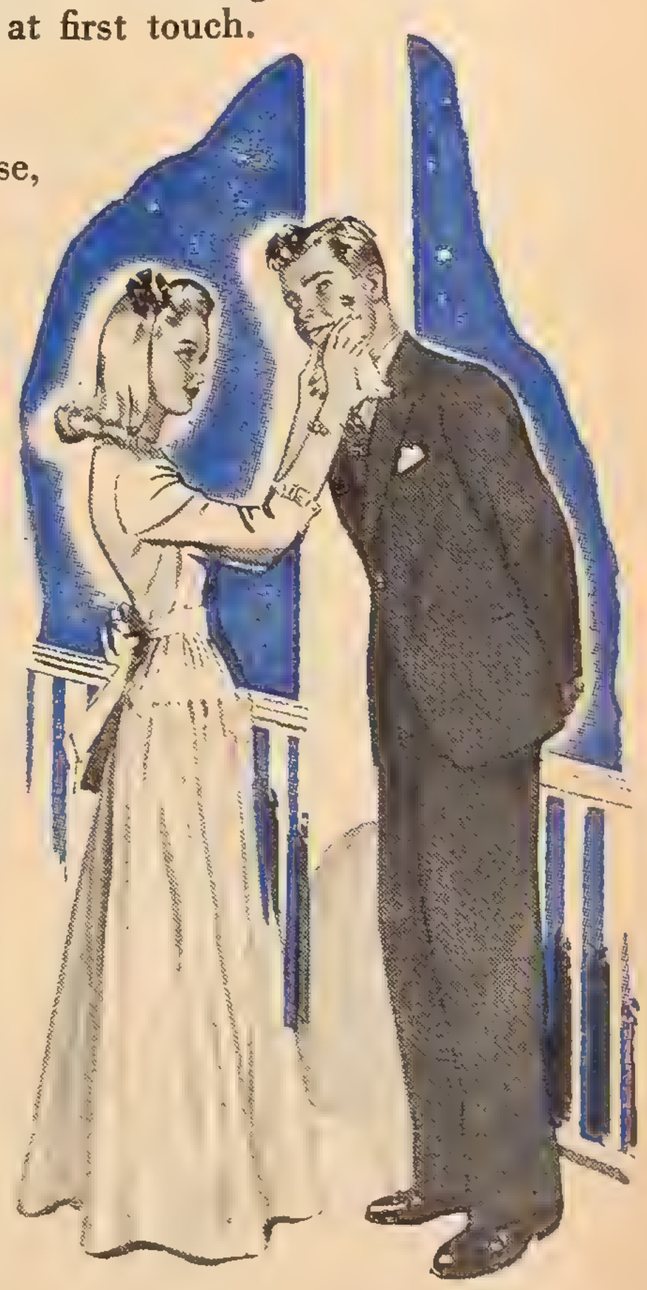
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FOR THE MODERN MISS

Style for Spring by Elizabeth Willguss

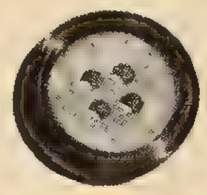
"Look at Hitler's new partner." That will be your coke crowd's unfriendly greeting if you dare to peacock around in much new garb this spring. So even if the Government seems big and impersonal way off in Washington when it says "buy only what you need," your own gang will soon prove all too personal if you don't stay in line.

Because just as sure as grey flannel suits, crocheted fascinators, reversibles and brown moccasins did a cross-country popularity sweep, a brand new style is already in your midst. No, I don't mean the trouser pleat skirt or the cap sleeve dress using only 1⅛ yards of material or even the saucy new doilie hat that clips on back of your pompadour. In fact, I don't think this new style even has a name. But it's here, and here for the duration. Style, you know, is just the fashionable way of doing things. Now it means making the most of the clothes in your closet, buying a new suit or topper with an eye on next spring. So you take the fabric to the light, you scrutinize the skirt to make sure it won't go rump-sprung on you.

In the days when you could go out and buy a dozen new pairs of shoes, you prided yourself on these dirty, crummy old saddle oxfords. But now that leathers are precious, you suddenly go knowing about them and their care. You lead the crowd in keeping those dog's ear sportsters polished like brother's army boots. Because now you know that leather, like skin, has tiny pores. Pores that you have to clean and lubricate and protect. Isn't it funny you never thought of *that* before? And you hang up your clothes pronto to keep their shape; you add a mimosa yellow blouse to brighten your grey flannel. And when complimented, you just say "Thank you" instead of starting to apologize about "This old thing!"



One look at Jeanne Barrie toffee wool topper on Cheryl Walker, the lead in U.A.'s "Stage Door Canteen," and you see what those shiny pearl buttons can do for a spring coat.



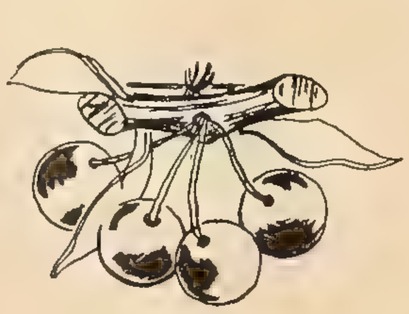
If your grandma has a button box, rummage there. Otherwise buy pearl or pearl and plastic.

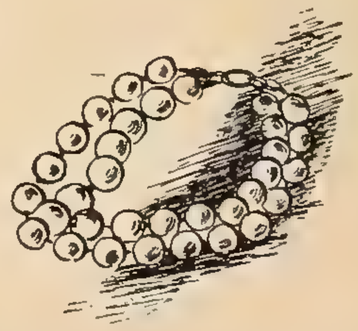


You couldn't go wrong on Julie Bishop's pet sweater-drying method. This young Warners' star shapes the shoulders with a big mag, the sleeves with 2 rolled M.S.'s



The Hollywood gals are right in there when it comes to taking care of their clothes, making them last. As Cheryl shows you, easiest way for shoe care is to have polish handy.





Now it's wood for your spring cherries as well as your colorful, pearlized beads.

(*Continued from page 73*)

months. Another rhythmic trick of this junior miss is to pull herself up with the aid of the bars on her crib and to stand there, laughing, while she jiggles in time to the music from the nursery radio.

Before she was born, flocks of Phil's musical friends composed lullabies in honor of Miss Harris-to-be. Not only were dozens of sheets of composition paper covered with notes intended to rival Brahms' best effort, but a good many of the eager composers had their songs recorded and delivered to Phil and Alice.

These records have been filed away and will be brought out some day when The Baby is big enough to appreciate all the melodies cooked up in her honor. Wonder what the slang phrase meaning "corn" will be in those dear future days? Or will Father Phil allow his daughter to speak such a delicate word?

We come, at this point, to that oh-so-important item in a girl's life: her wardrobe. Junior Miss started out with everything one could imagine. Small knitted sweaters, caps, longies and bootees came from England, Australia, South America and from a good many of the United States. Long dresses and short dresses, some gorgeously embroidered and some edged with exquisite handmade lace, arrived by each train and plane as soon as it was known that Alice and Phil were cradling.

Yet Alice, herself, didn't do one bit of shopping until the final two weeks of the waiting time. She can't quite explain it. It isn't that she was superstitious; perhaps her reluctance to solidify her vaporous dreams into something as positive as a layette was caused by a child-like diffidence.

"All my life I'd planned on having a baby some day. When the time actually came, it all seemed like a wonderful dream—too good to be true," she told Betty Grable.

So she bought nothing until she was ready to go to the hospital, and then she secured only those things that were absolutely necessary. She hadn't even prepared a nursery—"because I knew that, if something went wrong, it would nearly kill me to have to come back and face my broken dreams."

safe arrival . . .

But Alice, Jr., arrived safely to claim the wardrobe supplied by admirers of her mother and father. Whereupon, Father Phil began to look around. He became very baby-store conscious in the pink department. Seems that Phil has long selected all of his son's clothes, and now he is prepared to be expert in the daughter-dress division.

At first glance—due to all the charming circumstances listed above—it might appear that all is bliss, pure bliss in the Harris menage. Yet there is one persistent cloud forever dimming the blue. There's a war going on.

Alice confided to a friend recently, "All my life I've wanted a husband and a home and a baby. Now I have them, but Phil is away *so* much of the time . . . and there's *so* much to worry about. I know that other girls have far more to distress them, of course, so I don't really mean to complain. But I *do* get lonely and blue."

Lieutenant (j.g.) Harris is on Catalina Island, performing the duties of an officer in the Merchant Marine.

So little Miss Alice Harris, proud of her Father Phil, will undoubtedly grow up to be true to the blue, a Navy girl through and through.



Your War-Busy Hands can be Lovely

if you follow the easy Cutex Method

On your knees on the nursery floor or flat on your back under a bomber—you're the new national glamour girl.

When you *do* get a night off, your hands are going to look as fascinating as though they never saw a wrench or an oil can or a scrubbing brush.

30 Cutex minutes a week . . . keeps your fingers leisure-lovely-looking and fools every Axis spy in town. No trick at all for 1943 woman power!

6 Ways to War-Lady Fingers

1. Whisk off old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
2. Deftly shape nails to a rounded oval with Cutex Emery Board and soak fingertips in warm soapy water.
3. Apply soothing Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover with cotton-wrapped Cutex Orange Stick. Now it's easy to press back cuticle. Wipe away dead, loose cuticle.
4. Dip in clear water and whiten with Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream under nail tips.
5. Flow on Cutex Polish Foundation and Cutex Polish. (2 coats for that professional look). Hairline tip for longer wear. Now—Cutex Overcoat for speed drying.
6. Massage cuticle and fingertips with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Brittle Nail Cream.

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It is appalling that so many women still risk happiness—even health—because they do not have the *up-to-date* facts about modern feminine hygiene!

Many who think they know, have only half-knowledge! And so, they make the mistake of relying on weak ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

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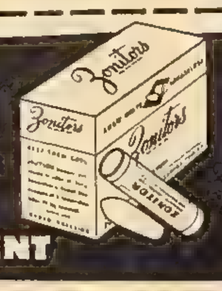
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Address.....

City.....*State*.....



Zonitors ~ SO CONVENIENT

BIG GUY

(Continued from page 39)

very much. Hollywood hasn't daunted his two-fistedness, his individualism.

"We don't live any differently from the way we did when we first came to town," he told John Payne in the commissary recently.

"Then you're a genius," John opined.

"Sure I'm a genius," George agreed readily. "I raised the biggest doggoned crop of rabbits in California this fall."

He wasn't kidding. Along in the summer of 1942 when bacon became scarcer than orchids, George had an idea. He bought three rabbits. There is no need here to go into the thoroughly conjugal habits of the fur-bearing institution known as Belgian Hare, but rest assured that in no time Mr. Montgomery was out in the back yard with chicken wire, hammer and saw, slaving at a housing project.

In no time the storage shelves of the Montgomery manse began to gleam with canned rabbit.

While everyone else in Hollywood was giving his butcher 22 carat gold cuff links and then asking in a conspiratorial whisper how soon there MIGHT be a delivery of some little old last year's scraps of tripe for Sunday dinner, George's mother was opening a can of preserved meat, and great was the feasting thereon.

food administration . . .

Should any person at 20th Century-Fox congratulate George on his patriotism and his observance of wartime economy, he would simply look amused and tolerant. His is the true pioneer spirit: what he did this year was done, not as a grand and beautiful gesture of conservation, but simply as good sense.

At Christmas time, George and his family went back to Montana on a visit. There was a business purpose involved in the trip, of course, because—as soon as George is called into service—he plans to sell his house in Hollywood. His sister is planning to be married soon, and his parents will return to Montana to make their home. George wanted to complete plans for this drastic change in household arrangements.

The first thing that happened to George was a slight cold, followed by chills and fever. At once Griplets (first cousins to, and four times worse than Gremlins) took over and launched a blitz on the Montgomery tonsils. George was ordered to bed by his doctor, and there the visitor from Sunny California (advt.) remained during the holiday season.

So, instead of dashing around to visit the numerous Montgomery clan, George held court in his bedroom. The whole family came to call and stayed to chat in the pleasant land of counterpane.

George's two small nephews were carrying a bigger load of steam than a narrow gauge locomotive bucking 12 ft. snow drifts. They really had a problem on their hands. Undoubtedly you will remember that, in the December issue of MODERN SCREEN there was published a list of gifts various stars had planned for their families.

merry christmas . . .

George had announced in print that he was going to give the two nephews leather jackets. All their school friends were making book on whether or not Uncle George would come through.

Finally, Grandmother Montgomery was visited by a delegation of two. "Did George bring our leather jackets with him?" one asked. Grandma didn't know.

As soon as the delegation, sheepskins buttoned under doubtful chins, and hands thrust deep into pockets stuffed with wagered goods, had wandered outdoors for consultation and comfort, Grandmother went into George's bedroom to report.

Now here is something everyone should understand about George. He is not a sentimental man; he behaves at all times with the utmost caution. Oh, yeah?

He got out of bed, staggered into some clothes, persuaded his brother-in-law (almost over the b.i.l.'s dead body) to drive him to town. Chancing synchromesh pneumonia equipped with double-hinged coffin doors, Mr. Montgomery went down to the leading clothiers and bought a pair of leather jackets.

It was, withal, a very Merry Christmas for two small citizens of Montana.

When Benny Medford, George's agent, heard this story, he chuckled and asked, "What was *your* favorite Christmas gift, chum?"

George thought it over. "I guess it was a check I got from my brother. See, a couple of years ago I bought a ranch. My brother has been farming it, and he wanted to buy it from me, so I said okay. This Christmas he made a sizeable payment on that ranch, which tickled me plenty. Not because of the money, you see, but because it meant that he was getting along swell—making out all right."

That's George for you—having a Merry Christmas out of his brother's success.

Another minor thing happened, while George was visiting his old home. The nephews were concerned in this episode, too. They brought in a Superman comic book for George to read. He went through the book. It had been pretty harrowing along about Page 42, when George was supposed to eat the hot soup, chocolate and custard his mother had prepared. He couldn't put the book down.

When he finished, the food was cold and his mother's expression even more frigid, but he had a new interest in life. Now he reads Superman every night. "It's my personal opinion, however," Mr. Montgomery avers, "that Superman doesn't disguise himself as a reporter at all, but as a head waiter. They can't kid me about that X-ray glance. I've seen it."

George's aversion to head waiters may

I SAW IT HAPPEN

There was the time a friend and I went to a Bob Hope broadcast in Hollywood and kept making unkind remarks, rather loudly, about the high-turbaned, elaborately dressed lady sitting in front of us. When the program was over, Bob Hope announced that there were special guests in the audience; Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. We looked up and . . . you guessed it, the turbaned lady and her husband stood up and took their bow. Then she turned around and smiled sweetly at us. My friend and I felt about the size of a shrunken atom.

Daren Pierce,
412 East Ash St.,
Lebanon, Oregon.

stem from his dislike of night clubs. George neither smokes nor drinks, and his tastes in music are strictly long hair.

Give him Tschaikowsky or Liszt. Give him Brahms or Koussevitsky. But Count Basie, stay 'way from his doah.

However, George Montgomery today is a good deal more the nonchalant smoothie than he was a year ago. It hasn't been so long since George habitually appeared for an interview garbed in levis and plaid shirt, bearing the light in his eye that ropes calves, shears sheep and bulldogs steers. Nowadays, he fulfills studio obligations clad in jaunty tweeds, a white sport shirt and a hand-loomed cardinal tie.

The sense of humor that everyone suspected was lurking somewhere in the depths of that moody Russian soul, has been allowed to lift a tousled head. Sam Israel, one of George's studio friends, observed the other day, "Say, you're quite an athlete, aren't you?"

WE'LL MATCH YOU $10 for 10%

Next month we're upping the ante to $10 instead of $5 for the prize-winning letter. But we want a soulful confession. First, tell us how you're managing to give 10% of your weekly stipend to war bonds. Is it by one great, stoic sacrifice each week or by dozens of midget economies? Then, by way of P.S., tell us just why you're knocking yourself out to buy these stamps and bonds. Why is it worth it to you? Got a brother off to the wars? Or a beau? Or is it something altogether different that's given you the necessary shove?

I want to tell you of my little plan for filling my war stamp album.
My daughters work in an office with other girls, and often I do little sewing jobs for them. I have never accepted pay, but the girls always insist on a treat . . . dinner or a show or maybe both. Now I take the treat in war stamps, and it is a real thrill to see the book fill up, as well as to know I'm doing my bit.

Mrs. Laura Habig,
835 Maple Ave.,
Newport, Kentucky.

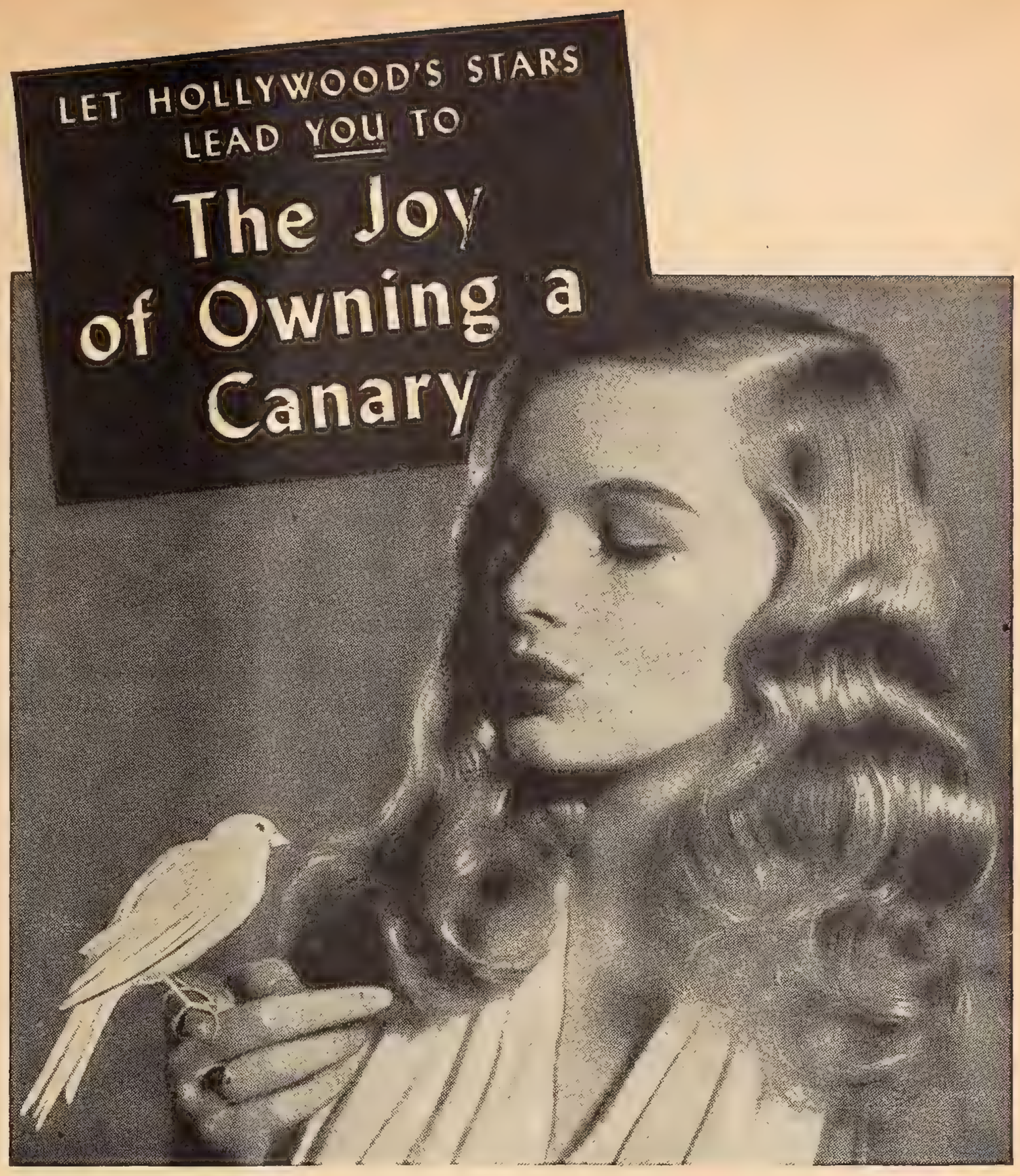
Quoth Montgomery, "Oh, sure. When I was three days old, I turned my first cartwheel. When I was five days old, I played 42 minutes of football in the big game of the season. When I was 11 days old I had my first serious romance—with the nurse."

Actually, George has never had time to exercise his genuinely great athletic ability. At home he always worked too hard on the farm and in Hollywood . . . well, you can't make umpteen pictures a year and grow a Victory garden and still sing "Time On My Hands."

barefoot boy . . .

There's something appealing about his attempts to develop the leisure arts. George used to tend the family cows. His herding methods were unique. First he would shape up a mound of earth, then place a golf ball on top of the home-grown tee. Whereupon he would blast away with a driver that he had inherited from a golfer who had discarded it in favor of a set of matched steels.

All the way out to pasture and all the way back—both morning and night—



VERONICA LAKE Starring in "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM" a Paramount Picture

More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation!* Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting spirits anew with his enchanting song.

A canary takes but little care, and gives matchless hours of loving companionship. Follow the lead of the Hollywood stars, and let a canary keep your heart buoyant amid the worries of these trying times!





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Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail coupon with name and address.

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Yes, your very first Halo Shampoo makes a glorious thrilling difference in the eye-appeal of your hair. Because if you've been "soaping" your hair, you've let soap-film hide its natural brilliance. But Halo contains *no* soap, therefore *cannot* leave soap-film.

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Makes skin look smoother. Holds powder amazingly long. Large jar, $1.00 at Drug and Dept. Stores. Purse size at 10c counters—or send us 10c and shade wanted (Light, Medium, Rachelle, Brunette, Sun-tan).



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George practiced his driving. On Saturdays, he and one of his brothers used to caddy at the local country club, but George never — personally — shot the course.

In the winter George's interest turned from golf to skiing. He made his first pair of heel wings out of discarded strips of roofing tin. After he and several of the neighborhood kids had narrowly missed slicing off one another's ears and other unguarded features, they switched to barrel staves, which worked fine as snowshoes but didn't provide much momentum on a hill. Whenever the Montgomery family, come Saturday night, went into town to buy a week's provisions in the good old American farm fashion, George managed to locate a sports goods store. There he stood, his nose flattened against a frosty pane, his eager breath congealing in frost on his coat collar and ear-flapped cap, and stared covetously at the display of ash skis.

When someone suggested recently that he join the ski troopers, George shook his head. That's just something he'd *like* to do, he admitted regretfully. In this war, he figures that everyone should do—not what seems most exciting—but what one can do best.

George has long felt that his usefulness would be greater in whatever branch of service might take advantage of his knowledge of Russian and its dozen of associated languages. He can explain that there is a giant on the beach eating barbed wire entanglements, in Czech, Bulgarian, Latvian, Croatian, Estonian or Hysteria.

By the way, the reason George hasn't been called into uniform earlier is simply that he's *very* 3A. He has more dependents than Papa Dionne (but not the same kind).

Speaking of careers, George has one howler to tell about the ramifications of his rise. After you have seen "China Girl," you'll realize that George's voice and some of his mannerisms are reminiscent of Lt. Clark Gable. There is one shot in which the celebrated Montgomery dimples (but don't mention them to George unless you are six feet five, a trained boxer and right quick with a left hook) are quite as fetching as the Gable cheek-divots were in "Somewhere I'll Find You."

ear laffs . . .

George was striding down a corridor at his home studio one afternoon when an executive suddenly extended head and neck from an inner sanctum and called, "Come here a minute," to the gentleman from Montana. When George approached, the executive stood on tiptoe to ogle George's ears, which lie flat against his head. After several seconds of profound study, the executive sighed wistfully. "I've been wondering," he confessed, "if the make-up department could put putty or something behind your ears to make them stand out a little more. Your ears don't have any personality."

A man who took himself seriously would undoubtedly have done a 1500 degree burn. Not George. He began to laugh. He laughed so resoundingly that, for hours afterward, everyone in the administration building was finding out what had pleased George.

No wonder everyone from the lowliest messenger boy to the most expensive writer on the lot has taken the Montgomery guy to heart.

And, speaking of the heart business, what's the three-quarter time in the Montgomery tick-tock?

Well, he and Betty Grable were kidding on the set of "Coney Island," and Betty said as how she had heard tell he was totin' a broken heart—for a lady with long black hair.

"Look," admonished George. "I'm never broken-hearted. I never cry over spilled milk."

You will remember that, after his supposed "misunderstanding" with Ginger Rogers, George was presumed to have learned one Hollywood lesson—never chat with bystanders about a lady you admire. After his alleged "difference" with Hedy Lamarr, George was reported to have suffered black disillusion. After Kay Williams abruptly married her South American, George was described as being flabbergasted, not to say wounded deeply. If you believe all this, you must sup your chicken soup with a pretzel.

Here is the lowdown: George had, until her sudden marriage to Jack Briggs, frequent and friendly dates with Ginger, who is a grand girl, a wonderful pal and thoroughly understanding. He also has an occasional dinner with Hedy and explains American farming to her.

George also dates Frances Raeburn, M-G-M starlet sister of Kathryn Grayson, and he is a frequent visitor to the utterly mad apartment occupied by Dinah Shore and three of her friends.

One afternoon late in January, George arrived shortly in advance of one of the girls who had just spent her family Christmas check for a fur coat. Each of the girls modeled the garment for George, and he said the appropriate things. When the excitment had subsided, and the girls scattered to the kitchen to explore the icebox, George brought down the roof by appearing in the doorway in a burlesque modeling act. This inspired bit of clowning would have been as impossible to the taciturn George Montgomery of a year ago as it was natural for the thoroughly poised Montgomery of today.

Seriously, a studio visitor (who was probably taking a poll of such opinions) asked George what he thought of wartime marriages.

"I don't believe in them," George answered without hesitation. "I think they are unfair to both the man and the girl." Then that infectious grin began to twitch beneath the dark mustache. "But I've got a feeling that I'd marry in a minute, war or no war, if the right girl came along."

So we leave you—with something to dream about.

☛ enter

$4000

☛ contest

on

☛ page 82

LUCKY JORDAN PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 32*)

expertly, missed by inches a car parked diagonally across the narrow country road. "See," she announced, when everybody had taken their hands down from over their eyes, "it is *not* true about women drivers!" Alan is not convinced.

The boys who work in the Paramount greenhouse sulked and pouted during the making of "Star Spangled Rhythm." Filmed on the studio lot, the picture used every place of business but theirs. "Lucky Jordan" went into production, and word got around that a greenhouse was needed for an important scene. "Please," they pleaded, "use ours."

And they did. While the boys stood proudly by, the cameras started to roll, and Alan raced through the place, knocking down pots, trampling plants and generally wrecking the joint. The boys turned their backs and refused to look any more, but their ears told them that the climax of Ladd's ruinous run was the crash of his body through one side of their beloved big glass building. Next time, they'll read the script first.

nettle triplets . . .

One location spot was an uncultivated field growing wildly around a beautiful sycamore. Between the first and second take, Ladd, H. Walker and Sheldon Leonard wandered over to the tree, plunked themselves down in its shade. Two seconds later, they were up again and back to work. They suffered the rest of the day from painful posteriors and a newly-won title, the Nettle Triplets.

Ladd's role in the film is a complete switch in character from his first part in "This Gun For Hire." In that one, he hated women, wore tired, tattered clothes, said little and was definitely a psychopathic case. In "Lucky," his raincoat is a symbol of the change-over . . . best material, expertly cut.

Toughest chore he had to do, he says, is the wham-bam kissing scene with Helen. Took four rehearsals and three takes to get it right. Before this, it was always the women in his picture who took the initiative in the romance dept.

Two weeks after production halted, Alan shelved his contract with Paramount and signed one with Uncle Sam, good for the duration, with no options.

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page 66*)

Set 2

1. Infanticipating
2. Toe-tapping
3. Wacky over Jackie
4. Army Air Corps
5. Glenford, Canada
6. "Skatey"
7. Bound for Marines
8. Altoona, Pa.
9. "Princess O'Rourke"
10. Swashbuckler
11. Sieber
12. Seventh Sweetheart
13. Tangoed at 10
14. Sue Carol
15. "Mr. Cugat"
16. Newly naturalized
17. 6 ft. 2, eyes of blue
18. Thrice daddy'd
19. Incendiary blonde
20. Non-Pryor-ity

(*Third set of clues on page 90*)



She Ought TO GET AHEAD-BUT SHE USES THE WRONG DEODORANT



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Army Photos courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package... with the red oval

LUCKY JORDAN STORY

(*Continued from page 32*)

lawyer said, "I admit I'm licked. I've tried everything. The draft board won't listen, and you can't bribe them. You've got to go."

"There must be something."

"Sure. If you had dependents—"

"All right, get me dependents."

The little, fat lawyer gasped. "Get you dependents? That means a mother or—"

"What about it?" Lucky said. "Fix up some dame to be my mother."

So the little, fat lawyer went out to find someone to play Lucky Jordan's mother. She wasn't much; her name was Annie, and most days you could find her cadging quarters on the street corners. She had a beery smell, but she had white hair, and that was something. But it wasn't enough for the draft board. Lucky was in the Army.

a.w.o.l. . . .

The break was easier than he'd expected. Things came his way. He hopped a civilian car and made sure the driver had a pass to get out of camp. Then it was just a matter of a swift jab and a quick change into a civilian coat and hat. The guard didn't even grunt as he drove past. He pressed down on the accelerator, and the car leaped ahead. He slowed the car down at a Detour fence and ground it to a stop.

He didn't see the other car pull up directly behind him. But he did see the two men come out on the run. And he moved instinctively. He was out of the car door and waiting for them. One of them reached in and grabbed a brief case from the seat. Lucky swung viciously. The man reeled back; the brief case dropped to the cement. They closed in on him.

Down the road a horn honked, and a sedan came tearing down the stretch. The two men, hearing the car, turned and lunged for their own. The sedan drew up smoothly. A girl leaned out and called:

"Are you all right?"

Lucky nodded. "It's all right now."

"What was wrong?"

Lucky picked up the small brief case. "Maybe they wanted this," he said.

The girl was wearing a uniform. Army stuff. Lucky eyed her narrowly. He'd seen her around the camp. One of the canteen hostesses. Pretty kid; even in the monkey suit.

"Aren't you one of the soldiers from the camp?"

"Right," Lucky said.

Lucky was thinking fast. The car he'd been in had evidently been hot. Someone was after it. And if that was the case, it wouldn't do him any good. He crossed to the sedan.

"What are you doing?" the girl said sharply.

"It's a nice day for a spin," Lucky said mildly.

The girl moved fast, but Lucky moved even faster. As she started to throw the car into gear, he shoved her aside and got in behind the wheel.

"You're going over the hill?" the girl said.

"Yes."

"You can have the car," she said grimly. "But let me out."

Lucky shook his head. "I don't like your uniform. You might go and tell a couple of other uniforms about me."

"Let me out!"

"Sorry."

The girl leaned down swiftly and picked up the brief case. "I'll throw this out," she warned.

Lucky didn't answer. The brief case spun through the window.

"It wasn't mine," Lucky said, grinning. "What's your name, sister?"

The girl's name was Jill Evans, and Lucky left her with a friend of his who ran a gambling house on the outskirts of town. Then he bathed, shaved, got himself a suit of clothes and headed for his office. He found Slip Moran sitting in the big chair behind the desk.

"You don't waste much time," Lucky said. "Taking things over for me, Slip?"

"There's been a couple of new things, Lucky, since you left. You know this war."

"Sure I know it. Wasn't I part of it?"

"I mean here on the outside. There's

IS YOUR BIRTHDAY BETWEEN FEBRUARY 20 AND MARCH 20?

Ann Sheridan's *oomph* is only the surface of the bewitching and complex personality of Pisces, sign of those born February 20-March 20. You mightn't think to see her and listen to her that she's holding back more than she's giving, but that's the secret of her charm. She has great stores of reserve and, believe it or not, of shyness. Pisces is the deepest of the signs, the hardest to know, the least eager to explain itself. Anyone who wants the low-down on his Pisces friend, sweetheart or wife, has to dig for it himself—and Pisces doesn't give much help. When two marry, they're likely to chase each other around in circles till they give up—as Ann and George Brent did, for George, too, was born in the elusive and mystifying sign. Just whom Ann will marry next nobody knows, but she'll marry someone. Pisces girls only *seem* hard to catch and hold; they're clinging vines at heart, want a strong man for their very own and generally get one—or several in succession. Ann's easy to please, fun to go out with; but pleasing her for life is a full-time job. Maybe it'll be Errol Flynn or Eddie Albert or that unnamed fightin' man her heart is said to belong to. It'll be someone, before long, for 1943 brings Ann plenty. Keep your eyes on her especially between April 1st and 20th. The whole spring is dynamic for her. Watch your health, Ann, especially in the last two weeks of April! You're facing plenty of work and a big decision; the combination can wear you down if you don't take it easy and keep your nerves under control. The last four months of this year are hard sledding, too. Ann always had the luck of her Sun conjunct Jupiter to help out; but the decisions she makes in 1943 will influence her life for years to come, and she's going to need all her poise, insight and foresight to make the right choices in the last third of the year.

guys that'll pay big money for odds and ends these days. I got a couple of boys out right now."

Lucky smiled thinly. "Maybe they're the ones that jumped me, eh, Slip?"

"Jumped you?"

"I cracked out of camp in a big black car, and a couple of muggs tried to hijack me."

Slip stood up. "Where's that brief case?"

"So it was the brief case," Lucky said.

"Sure," Slip said. "They didn't want you. There's an outfit that'll pay 50 grand for some tank plans that were in that brief case. Where is it?"

Lucky smiled. "I don't know, Slip. But I know a girl who does."

Jill led him to it unknowingly. He tricked her into it. And then when he told her what was in the brief case, she went white with fury. They climbed back into the car, and Lucky started the motor.

"How can you do it, Lucky?" she said.

"Do what?"

"Sell those plans to our enemies."

"What plans?" Lucky said. "I'm just selling a brief case."

"A brief case worth thousands of dollars?"

"Maybe they like the design."

"Lucky, don't do it."

"Stop it. You're making me bawl."

In the moonlight the road stretched quietly ahead. They came to a large landscaped area that, during the summer, was a picnic ground. Lucky swung the car over and parked it under the trees.

"Here's the end of the line for tonight," he said.

At the edge of the field was a large stone building that contained a recreation hall and rest rooms. Lucky walked over and tried the doors. One of the rest room doors swung open.

"Your boudoir, madame," he said.

"You're going to lock me in?"

"You wouldn't want me to take any chances," Lucky said.

For a moment she didn't say anything. Then: "Can I smoke a cigarette before I go in?"

"Sure," Lucky said.

double cross . . .

They sat down on the trunk of a large tree that straddled the path. Jill lit up a cigarette. The moonlight touched her face with quiet beauty. Lucky stirred.

He reached over wordlessly and took her shoulders. She didn't move. He bent and kissed her. She stayed quietly in his arms.

"I don't get it," Lucky said.

"You don't have to."

"Think you can get around me?"

She looked at him curiously. "You always figure the angles, don't you?"

"Sure."

"Maybe there isn't any angle."

"What are you trying to tell me, Jill?"

She shook her head. "Nothing." She got up and began to walk toward the door of the building. "Time to lock me up, isn't it?"

Lucky said, "Jill—"

She stopped, not turning. "Well?"

He started toward her and then stopped. "You don't have to sleep in there," he said roughly. "Take the car. It's more comfortable."

"Thanks."

He bent and began to pick up the car cushions which he'd laid on the ground for his own use. Jill bent swiftly and picked up a fallen club-like bough.

"Lucky," she said. "Give back those plans."

"Cut it," he said. "That's out."

She brought the bough down with a heavy swing that knocked him flat.

Jill was gone when he woke. But the car was there. Good thing he'd hidden the keys; good thing he'd locked the plans in the car.

When he got back to town he left word for Slip to meet him in front of Marty's place.

He was almost there when he heard a voice at his elbow.

going home . . .

"Lucky!"

He whirled. But it was only Annie. Beery Annie; his draft board Ma.

"Sorry, Ma," he said. "But I'm broke now."

"I'm not after a touch, Mr. Jordan."

"What then, Annie?"

"They're staked out all around Marty's waiting for you."

Lucky pulled up short. "You sure?"

"I seen them."

"Slip," Lucky murmured.

"Listen, Mr. Jordan, you can't go walking around like this. You need some place to hide."

"Don't I know it."

The old woman looked down at her shoes. "You can use my place, Mr. Jordan," she said shyly. "They'll never think of looking for you there."

Annie's place was perfect. She kept chattering in his ear as he looked around. Ever since that day at the draft board, she'd started thinking as if he really were her son.

Lucky held up the brief case. "Where can I hide this?"

Annie pulled aside an old Spanish shawl on the wall. Behind it was a long, deep hole. "How about here?"

He waited until dark and then he told Annie that he had to go out. There was

(*Continued on page* 84)



★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★



Prizes 7-16: Pure wool Herringbone topper with velvet collar, ¾ length.



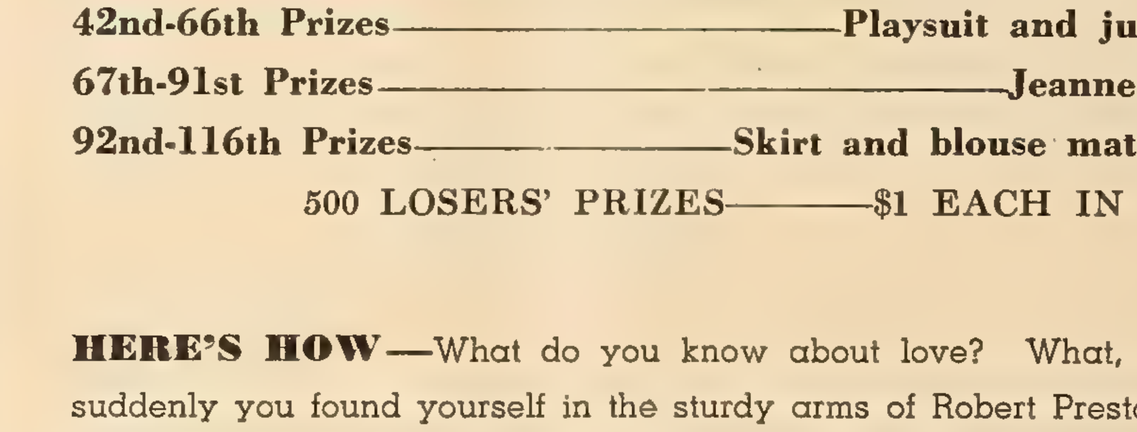
Prizes 17-26: Pure wool Shetland two-piece suit, flap pockets, trouser skirt.



Prizes 27-41: Poro Weave rayon crepe, straw belt, unpressed pleats.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES:

★ ★



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HERE'S HOW—What do you know about love? What, for example, would you say if suddenly you found yourself in the sturdy arms of Robert Preston? Turn to the story of "Reap the Wild Wind" on pg. 46, see picture No. 2 and read the caption under it. What do you think Susan Hayward . . . or, for that matter, any young girl in love . . . might be saying at that particular moment? If *we* were suddenly whisked from our typewriter and thrown into a beautiful clinch like that, we'd probably murmur, "Darling, you're the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me." Or we might whisper, "All day I wait for the moment when you'll come." Now it's your turn. Tell us, in 15 words or less, what you would say . . . and pop your entry into the mail without another thought, 'cause that's all there is to it. Pretty gorgeous, isn't it, to be able to enter a $4,000 contest as easily as that?



Prizes 42-66: Striped chambray play-suit and chambray denim jumper.



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NO. 3—"REAP THE WILD WIND"

RULES

1. Write your caption in not more than 15 words.

2. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.

3. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Co. and members of their families.

4. Entries, to be eligible, must be postmarked not later than March 31, 1943.

5. Neatness and accuracy will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.

6. Prizes will be awarded, each month, to different persons. No one can win more than one prize in the entire contest series.

7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

8. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

**War bonds donated by Paramount Studios.*

***Turn to page 71 for list of stores in which Jeanne Barrie fashions are sold.*

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES

NO. 3—"REAP THE WILD WIND"

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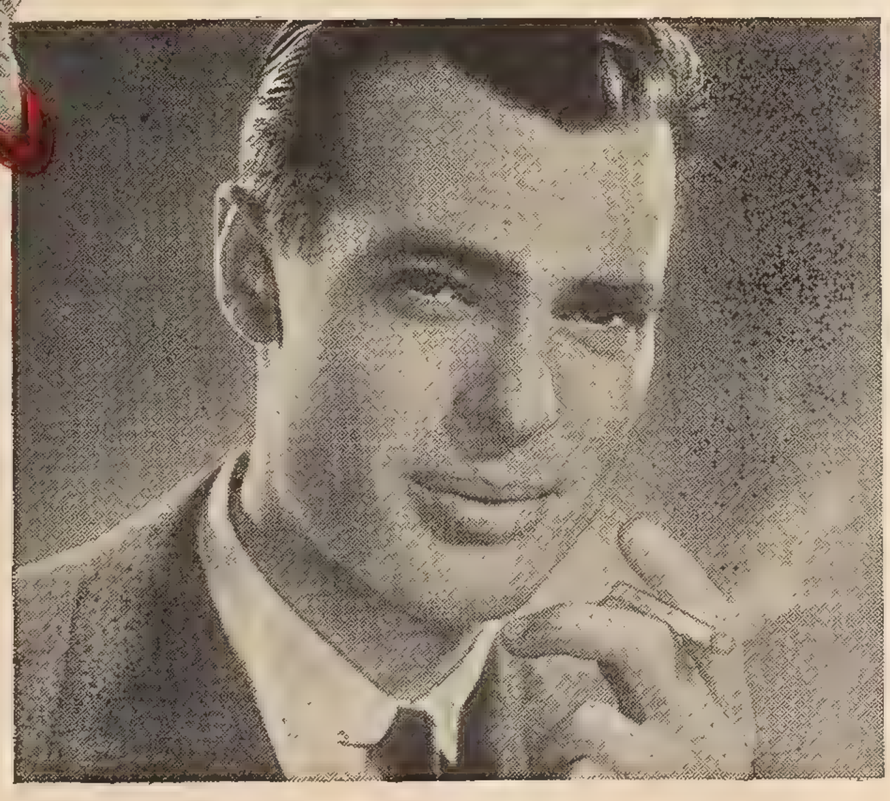
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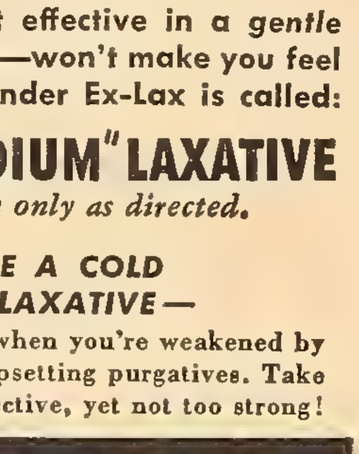
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(*Continued from page* 81)

still some unfinished business with Slip. There was still the brief case; he had to get rid of it. And dangerous as it was, Slip was the only one who knew where.

"Be careful," Annie said as he left.

"Sure." He stopped at the door and grinned back at her. "Sure, Ma."

As he left, two men watched until he turned the corner and then slowly started up the stairs to Annie's flat.

It was no good talking to Slip. Slip agreed with everything he said, but kept saying he needed time to make the arrangements.

There was something wrong. Lucky could feel it as he went back to Annie's apartment. Slip had been too slick. He came up the stairs two steps at a time and opened the door to the flat. The room was turned upside down; pillows on the floor, chairs overturned.

"Annie!"

He found her in the kitchen, slumped on the floor. There was a long, ugly welt on her forehead. She was scarcely breathing. He bent and lifted her gently.

Her eyes opened, and she saw him. "They came, Lucky . . . be careful . . . . they tried to make me tell . . . I didn't . . . they couldn't make me . . . the brief case . . . be careful . . ."

Her head slumped forward on his arm, and slowly he pulled his hand away. The scum! The dirty, filthy dogs! He crossed to the wall and pulled the shawl aside. He reached in and yanked out the brief case. And then the two men stepped out of the shadows of the bedroom. A blackjack slashed down viciously at his head, he slumped to the floor.

* * * *

He had only one thing to go on. Slip had mentioned something about tulips. Tulips! Torch of Holland tulips. The only place that had them was the Kilpatrick Gardens out on Long Island.

Lucky crossed the street and ducked into a cab. "Kilpatrick Gardens," he said.

Behind him, in another cab, Jill Evans leaned forward and said to the driver, "Follow that cab."

The Kilpatrick Gardens were like a huge, enormously wealthy estate. Lucky eyed the gardens. He was after bigger game than flowers.

The greenhouse. He edged toward it cautiously and looked in. In the rear, waving his arms, he saw a familiar figure. Slip. He jumped and caught the edge of the coping, pulled himself up to the roof. He crawled along until he was over Slip, and then he opened one of the skylights.

Slip was talking to a tall, distinguished looking gentleman.

"I got it here," Slip said, holding up the brief case.

"Good."

lucky on the loose . . .

Overhead, Lucky swung through the skylight, dangled over the two men and dropped. He was moving as soon as he hit the ground. He grabbed the brief case in one hand, swung viciously with the other. Slip crashed back against the banks of flowerpots. Lucky poised for a moment on his toes and then hurtled through the glass walls of the greenhouse. Behind him the tall gentleman was yelling.

Lucky moved swiftly, ducking in the shrubbery. He worked his way toward the exit.

"Sir," a voice piped shrilly from outside the Gardens.

The gatekeeper turned.

"My umbrella," said the man. "I left



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it inside. Let me in to get it."

"Sorry," said the gatekeeper, "but the Gardens are closed."

"But I can see it, I tell you. It's right there near the bench on the walk. Hand it out, please."

From where he was Lucky could reach out and touch the umbrella. He reached inside the briefcase, took out the plans. He scribbled on them hurriedly and then slipped the plans inside the umbrella. The gatekeeper's hand came down and picked it up. Lucky watched the umbrella pass to the little man outside.

Then he stood up and began to run openly across the lawn. Someone saw him and some men closed in on him. They brought him to the large house on the hill that overlooked the Gardens. Inside Jill was sitting with the tall man that Lucky had seen with Slip.

"You here?" Lucky said to Jill.

"Of course," she said. "I picked up your trail this morning and followed you here. I told Mr. Kilpatrick," she nodded to the tall man, "to call the FBI."

"You did?" Lucky said. He grinned at Kilpatrick. "And did you?"

"You know the answer to that."

"Sure I do," Lucky said harshly. "You're a bunch of Nazi spies."

"That's where your Girl-Scout act led you," Lucky said to Jill.

Kilpatrick raised his hand. "Now if you'll hand over the plans—"

"What plans?" Lucky said.

Slip came up ominously. His hand swept across Lucky's face in a blow. "Talk!" he said.

"They're under the little bridge."

Kilpatrick moved to the door. "Come on."

They left one man to guard Lucky and Jill; the rest swept out of the room. Lucky kept his eyes on Jill. He winked at her. For a moment her face was blank. Lucky nodded toward the guard. Jill smiled.

"Guard," Jill said. "Why don't you sit down? Make yourself comfortable."

The man stared stolidly ahead.

Jill swung a silk clad leg carelessly; her skirt crept a bit higher.

"You don't have to glare so," she said sweetly.

She smiled. This time he smiled back.

Lucky leaped. He ripped the gun from the guard's hand and then ducked back behind the door. There were voices on the lawn outside. Kilpatrick, Slip and the rest stormed back into the room.

"All right, bad boys," Lucky said softly, "let's see how you look doing your morning exercises. Keep your hands up."

Kilpatrick spoke evenly, "You win. How much do you want for those plans."

"They're not for sale."

"Not for sale?"

"Listen," Lucky said. "Once as far as I was concerned the Nazis were just another mob of gangsters trying to horn in. But maybe I don't like guys who beat up old women. I'm selling those plans to an outfit that'll pay me 50 a month and throw in a uniform free."

There was a shatter of glass behind him. The door swung open, and men poured into the room.

"Gentlemen," Lucky said. "The FBI. I'll bet this is the only time you fellows were interested in an umbrella when it wasn't raining. Did it work?"

"We got the plans and your note."

Jill hooked her arm through Lucky's. "You'll probably get a medal for this."

"Sure," Lucky said, "right after I get out of the guardhouse for going A.W.O.L."

"That's not so bad," she said.

He grinned. "Will you bring me cookies?" he said.

"Every day."

"It's a deal, then," Lucky said. "I'm in the Army now."

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

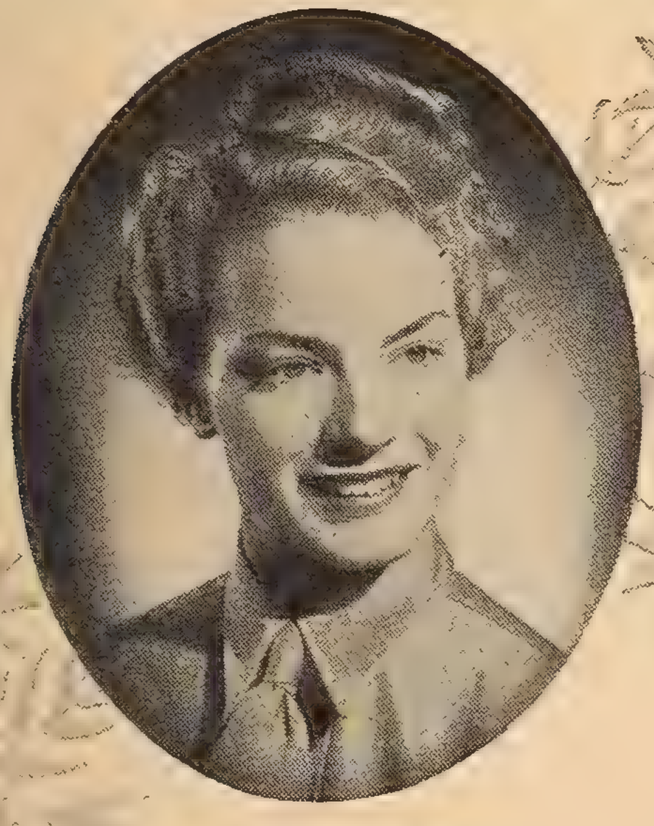
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THE CAST

Lucky Jordan.....*Alan Ladd*
Jill Evans.....*Helen Walker*
Pearl.....*Marie McDonald*
Annie.....*Mabel Paige*
Slip Moran.....*Sheldon Leonard*
Ernest Higgins.....*Lloyd Corrigan*
Eddie.....*Russell Hoyt*
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Angelo Palacio.....*Dave Willock*



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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 787MP Jefferson, Iowa

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 60*)

over income blanks and wondering why you never took arithmetic more seriously at school. Figuring you might need a little bolstering around that time, the Hollywood War Activities Committee will release a Disney short that's greatly apropos. Donald Duck, like the rest of us, turns up as a split personality. One half wants to spend: the other half wants to save for taxes.

Dissolved:

Ann Sheridan is back in town after her divorce-trip to Mexico. She spent most of her time in Cuernavaca, but she went up to Mexico City to see the bull fights and had to be rescued from the admiring mobs by the Señor Gendarmes. Some of the boys wanted to take the Good Neighbor policy personally and with deep emotion.

Don't take the Errol Flynn-Ann Sheridan romance rumors seriously. Errol and Ann have long been good friends, and Ann is gallant enough to stand furiously by the much-harassed Mr. Flynn until his woes have passed the acute stage.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Bootee Bureau:

The Benny Goodmans have placed an order for a junior licorice stick operator in May.

* * *

Incidentally, it isn't true—as this goes to press—that Judy Garland and Dave Rose, whose split has been announced in the papers, plan to supply a new member to some junior G-man club. The report was first broadcast by a radio reporter, then picked up by gossip columnists. When questioned about his "scoop," the radio reporter said that he had a system. After a movie couple had been married for several years, he announced a junior addition—and 50% of the time he was right.

* * *

In our Pip-Squeak department also belongs the story John Payne is telling about his daughter, Julie Anne, aged 3½. Seems that Julie cuddles with the comics and—after studying out any given situation for herself—checks her findings with Dad. "What is that?" she asks, pointing to a camel. Father John explains. "I knew that already," states his daughter smugly. The other day he was reading Superman to Julie, and her small head occasionally moved from side to side. "Hey," he said at last, "what's all this no department that you're giving me?"

"I'll tell you later," opined his daughter. That evening he entered the front door, only to find his small daughter suspended from the upperhall stairway. Beneath her yawned just about 15 feet of fresh air. John leaped

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Veronica Lake was touring the country on a war bond drive, she came to Savannah. After she had been introduced to the audience, she began with, "Citizens of Charleston. . . ." There was a moment's silence, then everyone started to roar over Miss Lake's mistake. She too laughed, apologized wonderfully and corrected her error. The audience cheered and applauded her for being a trouper.

Betty Stewart,
408 E. 23rd St.,
Savannah, Ga.

'RIGHT-O'



Take a bow, Miss Britain! This "English Tint" you have settled on after three years of war to our one—which I have reproduced for my patrons is *just* the right rouge, I *must* say. Try it girls, it's definitely

BEST FOR WAR TIME

gives you such an alert look in uniform or street dress. Ask for Princess Pat English Tint Rouge, English Tint Lipstick or English Tint Liquid Liptone (the new absolutely smearproof liquid lipstick).



ENGLISH TINT Rouge and Lip Color

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Do wrinkles, scrawny necks, crows' feet or baggy eyes make you look old prematurely—rob you of popularity? Use PERMA YOUTHSKIN. Contains real **TURTLE OIL**, recognized by many doctors as an excellent skin rejuvenant. Guaranteed effective or money back. Liberal supply with full directions, only $1.25 postpaid. (Postage extra if C.O.D.). **PERMA, 184 Utica Ave., Dept. M.M., Brooklyn, N.Y.**

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FOR MUSICAL SETTING Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—send us your original poem at once for immediate consideration and **FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY.** **RICHARD BROTHERS, 49 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.**

If you want to

BUILD UP RED BLOOD!

And Also Relieve Distress of 'Periodic' Female Weakness!

If you want to build up red blood corpuscles to promote a more refreshed bloodstream, more strength—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron).

Pinkham's Tablets are also famous to relieve distress of female functional monthly disturbances. This is because of their soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly they help build up resistance against such symptoms. Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 855 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

to the rescue, and as he caught her after she complied with his order to drop into his arms, she announced with a sigh, "Superman is a liar."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
Brass Buttons:

On January 21, Paramount gave a terrific send-off luncheon in honor of Alan Ladd who is now in the Army. He has passed all the physical tests and hopes to be assigned to the Air Corps.

* * *

Bill Holden became Lt. William Beedle of the Air Corps on January 19. Brenda was so excited for the full month before she left for Miami that she swooped around the studio in a supercharged, dream-upholstered dither. About one thing she was practical: Bill had written that restaurants were so few and so crowded that obtaining a substandard table d'hote dinner had become the object of entire expeditions. So Brenda decided that she would take a cottage in which she could do the Holden family cooking while she was there, and—so forewarned—she bought a cookbook. She went around the studio asking, with glowing eyes, "If you beat two eggs, add a pound of ground round steak, butter the size of a walnut, a cup of dried bread crumbs, salt to taste, and a can of sliced button mushrooms, what do you get?"

"Two coupons extracted from your ration book," gloomed Nancy Coleman.

* * *

Lt. Clark Gable slipped into town, called on a few close friends and slipped out again—bound temporarily for Fort George Wright.

Bob Taylor has done everything he can think of to get signed by the Ferry Command, but—as it is an exceptionally hazardous branch of service—there are rules about men who are married and have children. Although Barbara Stanwyck is self-supporting, and their boy is adopted, Bob doesn't stand much of a chance of being accepted. However, draft boards will soon be calling 3A's—and then Bob may get an opportunity to join the Air Corps.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
Gone to the Dogs:

Gig Young, who will shortly report for active duty with the Coast Guard, has been trying to find a good home for his menagerie. Seems that, as each of his friends went off to the wars, Gig inherited their hounds. He has everything from a Mexican hairless to a German shepherd, plus a sprinkling of Scotties, wirehairs and cocker spaniels. A fact which interests no one so far as Gig has been able to discover.

* * *

Rita Hayworth is also having dog trouble. Victor Mature left Genius, Jr., with her, but when she moved, she discovered that pets weren't allowed in her apartment house. She is still trying to reconcile gas rationing with a home for G., Jr.

* * *

Rhodes, Bill Holden's beloved white Rhodesian lion dog, came home one night in January with his jaws bristling with feathers—and he hadn't been eating one of Roz Russell's hats. About a year ago this same Rhodes came home in agony with a bullet in his shoulder (the movie touch; any other dog would have been shot in the gluteus maximus). Brenda thought the sitchieashun over and decided that Rhodes, too, was in the Army now. Then she sat down with Rhodes' ex-leash in one hand, and a large, dependable handkerchief in the other and wondered just exactly how she was going to break the news to Bill.



TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
Judge, Jury & Jail:

She was willowy, blonde, beautiful and intelligent. She made a hit on Broadway, then captured motion picture honors. She married and divorced a tall, handsome leading man. Then she fell in love with a playwright in New York; a man, incidentally, who has broken a good many feminine hearts—according to rumor.

She was arrested for drunken driving and placed on probation. She violated her probation, had a fistic battle with her hairdresser that ended with the hairdresser sustaining a dislocated jaw, locked herself in a hotel room, and—when routed by officers—performed a dance of seven veils, forgetting only to wear the veils.

The next time you hear some bright, ambitious school girl express a wish to become a famous actress, ask her if she has the cast-iron fortitude, the unshakable nerve, the robust and bounding health and the armor-plated heart which are essential weapons for her who would joust with Fame. Tell the ambitious school girl the tragic story of lovely Frances Farmer, who found herself at last in the psychopathic ward of the Los Angeles General Hospital.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
Glow Amid the Gloom Section:

Veronica Lake has recovered completely from her appendectomy. Only woe in her hospitalization was that Paramount had hurried her scenes in "So Proudly We Hail" so that Veronica could spend some time in Seattle with her husband, Captain John Detlie. As it was, Captain Detlie flew down to be with her for a few days, but the war won't wait, so he had to go back to Seattle.

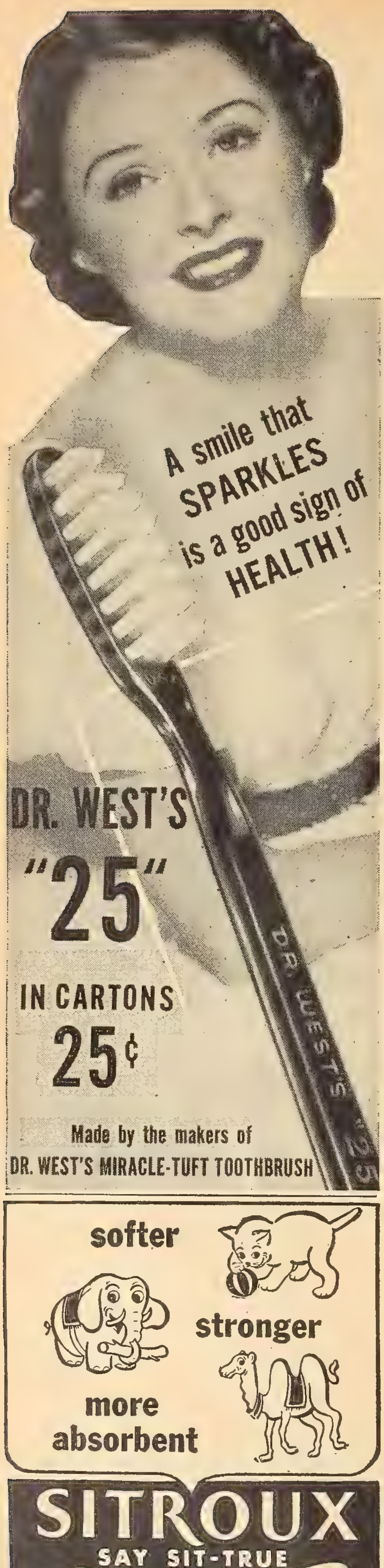
* * *

While Mrs. Bing Crosby was taking down the Christmas tree, a short circuit set fire to tree, curtains, rugs . . . and the house. Bing's brothers, Larry and Bob, rescued his wardrobe of 100 suits, although some were soaked and smoke damaged. In one pair of black and white sport shoes, Bing found two thousand dollars in greenbacks, unscathed. Who said that women and their teacups are the only amateur bankers! Timmy, the children's pet cocker spaniel, was suffocated, but "Big Boy," the Great Dane, was saved.

The whole family was taken in by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope until Bing bought a house in Holmby Hills. Considering the current income taxes and the salary ceiling, Bing's loss was a severe jolt, but do you know what he said? "I'm lucky. Dixie and the boys are safe."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
They're Doin' It for Defense:

Mary Martin and her husband have one of the finest gardens in town, thanks mainly to their ardent care. One thing bothered Mary. Whenever she wanted the pruning shears, they were at the bottom of her work basket; whenever she wanted the trowel, *it* was at the bottom of the basket. She spent most of her time fighting the coiled hose for possession of various implement. So she up and invented a system whereby she has equipped the interior top perimeter of her



softer

stronger

more absorbent

SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
CLEANSING TISSUES
PAPER NAPKINS

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

victory cart with a series of clamps. The tools fit snugly in place—at the top of the heap—and the hose sulks below lacking anything to play with.

* * *

In the good old days B. G. R. (before gas rationing), after a convivial group had chatted for an hour or so or played cards, the man of the house would hop in the car and drive down to the corner drug or the nearest confectionery and pick up some ice cream, cake, candy or such. Nowadays, with Hollywood and Valley distances so great, these gay excursions are practically impossible. So, the other night when Fred and Lillian MacMurray were entertaining guests, Fred gave his bridge hand to an extra player to finish, and he went out to the kitchen to whip up a batch of famous Wisconsin fudge. S'help me.

* * *

Ray Milland has gone into the chicken business in a big way. He has row upon row of sanitary, galvanized iron coops, set high off the ground, and he can give you a vet's-eye view of the life span, habits, diseases and peculiar charm of chickens. The other night a high wind blew over one of the cages and practically demolished it, but the chickens were saved. Ray went around moaning—not about the ruined coops—but over the one smashed egg in the tragedy. This will give you a delicate idea of the egg situation in Southern California.

Co-Ed:

Have you met Co-Ed? It's a gay little corner of Modern Screen, strictly for you gals, and if you've missed it before, this is the day you mend your ways. If you're looking for Dorothy Dix with a dash of Dorothy Parker, look no further than page 16. If you're mad for a blueprint for fun and popularity, sister, you've got it. And it's a monthly feature, oh joy! The kids out here from Shirley Temple to Bonita Granville swear by it. Need more be said?

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

The Quiet Room:

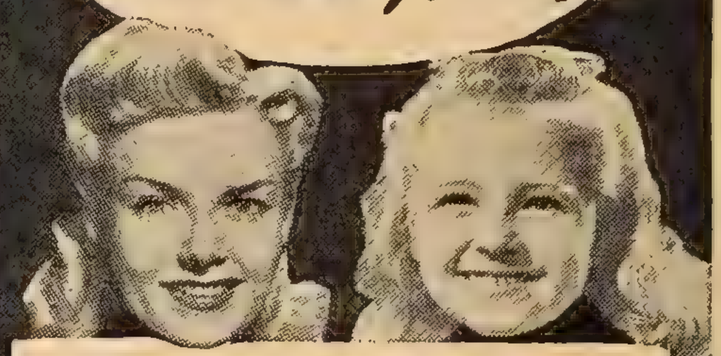
Dorothy Lamour was supposed to be on vacation in San Francisco, but as soon as she had rested for a day or so, she began to look around for something constructive to do. Having offered her services, she was pleased to be sent at once to one of the big hospitals already devoted in this our war to casualties. *"Casualties!"* It's such a cold word. It means Bill Brown, that blonde curly-headed boy with the laughing blue eyes who used to carry your books home from school. He has a shrapnel wound in his left side. It means Tommy Wilson, who was half-back on your college team. He taught you to rumba after he had worked in a sugar refinery in Cuba one summer. His left leg is gone. It means Don Jones, who taught you all you know about a kiss. You and Don would have been married last June, if there had been no war. Don has a bayonet wound perilously near his heart. It isn't healing as rapidly as it should.

To these boys Dorothy Lamour sang. She sang, "I Had The Craziest Dream Last Night." She sang, "I Wanna Go Back To West Virginia" and "Springtime In The Rockies." She sang the Illinois Loyalty Song, and "The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi."

A nurse approached and asked softly, "When you've finished in this ward, would you come downstairs, please? There's a boy in a single room who wants to hear 'Mother Machree.'"

Dorothy had no idea what those words "in a single room" meant, but something

Now Mother's Hair is Lovely Blonde, Too!



New 11-Minute Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes everywhere use BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home shampoo made specially for blondes. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out glorious golden highlights. Safe even for children's hair. Costs little to use. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

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Marvel WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women
At DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope, but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **323-K Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara St. **Buffalo, N. Y.**

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

about the nurse's expression impelled her to hurry that last chorus and to promise to come back in a moment for an encore.

When she reached the bottom of the stairs, the nurse was standing before the closed door of the single room. She shook her head at Dorothy. "It's too late," she said.

So Dorothy, after a few moments, went on to the next ward. And the next. She sang most of the day.

If she knew this story was being retold, she wouldn't like it. But this isn't a story that belongs to one girl alone. It belongs to all of us, just as the men in that hospital belong to all of us . . . and just as this war belongs to all of us, each and every one.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Guess Who Department:

There are a good many Catholic families, among motion picture people, whose homes are always open to a series of visiting priests.

That the calling clergy is as conscious of current trends as the most progressive layman is proved by a story now being widely quoted in Hollywood.

At the dinner table, a particularly witty priest had been describing his work in foreign missions. His associate had been an old friend of the host. "You wouldn't know Tom now," the clergyman said. "He has put on a lot of weight, and he appears to have dwindled in height. Matter-of-fact, we've been calling him Father Five-by-Five."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Newcomers You Should Know About:

Beautiful, intelligent, blonde Dolores Moran gets her first big break as the daughter of Miriam Hopkins in "Old Acquaintance"—and wins Gig Young in the bargain. Dolores Moran is her real name; the family is Irish, and Dolores' mother selected her given name from a love story before the baby was born. First famed person to notice her was Max Baer, who met her at a Chamber of Commerce meeting in a small northern California town in which Dolores lived. "You're lovely," Max said, without further introduction than a long, unbelieving stare. "You'll be famous some day." This reporter agrees.

* * *

Don Loper is currently working at Paramount in "Lady In The Dark" with Ginger Rogers. Someone asked to describe Don, said, "Well, he looks like a happy clown with his make-up off, but he talks like a genius, a gentleman and a jester."

He has a habit of walking up to a strange woman on the street and saying in a deep, charming voice, "You should never wear brown, you know. Not with your eyes. Wear greens, chartreuse or orchid." Or, to his friends, "Darling, you look horrible. Where did you get that hat?"

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Speaking of Our Contest . . .

This is by way of reminding you if you haven't yet entered our honey of a contest on page 82, you'd better reach for a pencil right quick. Or are you one of those sissies who's scared of entering a contest 'cause you're sure you'd never win? Because if you are, you just don't know MODERN SCREEN. We've a positive fear of geniuses, and we'd never in the world run a contest for their benefit. Matter of fact, we've been racking our brains for months trying to arrive at the kind of contests ANYBODY can win. And, chum, have we got it! Everybody and her Sister Susy's been entering. We're positively deluged by returns. And after studying the entries carefully, we're solidly convinced that everyone has an equal chance. To quote page 82 of this issue, the prizes add up to $4000 in war bonds and luscious things to wear. And the only real brain work required of you is to be able to read and follow directions accurately. Losing out in the first contest you enter, doesn't, by any means, mean you're doomed. And note that you can enter without tearing off the top of anything. Our sponsors are delighted by returns so far. And if you keep the number of entries mounting in the coming contests, they'll certainly be dishing us more and more dough for prizes.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Eminent Visitor:

If you have an opportunity to hear Sister Elizabeth Kenny of Australia speak, by all means, don't miss it. "Sister" is an Australian honorary title given to nurses, and Kenny is the name to which one of the most remarkable women of our time was born. She has developed, as you may know, a new medical conception of the disease called infantile paralysis, and a successful means of treating that ailment. She is in Hollywood at present, working with RKO writers who will bring her story to the screen. Roz Russell is going to portray Sister Kenny.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Quotables from Notables:

Bette Davis. "I'm patriotic, but I'll have to admit that I'm heartsick about Gig Young's being taken into the Coast Guard. He's so good in 'Old Acquaintance' that I'd like to have him with me in lots of subsequent pictures."

* * *

Jane Wyman (whose hair, after years of being blonde, is now brownette): "I caught sight of myself unexpectedly in the mirror the other night, and started to introduce me to Jane."

* * *

Fred Astaire: "Joan Leslie is the most intelligent girl with whom I have ever danced. She learns routines like lightning. She's gifted. She's headed for a brilliant career."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

We Never Blush:

This month we'll be making our screen début before some 50,000,000 people! Thank heavens, we're not shy. We want to forewarn you because we wouldn't want you nudging a perfect stranger out of sheer surprise and exploding into something like, "Why look! My pet magazine. What's it doing in a coming attraction?" The April cover of MODERN SCREEN, together with Zachary Gold's review of "The Immortal Sergeant," will be flashed across the screen during the "coming attractions" (trailer) advertising that picture. We've always known Zach was one of the keenest guys around, but naturally we're feeling pretty glowy that 20th-Fox chose his review. Trouble is, unlike us, Zach blushes easily.



How you can make your kitchen more Colorful!

This pattern is shown ¾ actual depth

One of many new period or modern designs, available in your preferred color combination. Use *Royledge* in clothes closets, kitchen, pantry, nursery shelves. Made by Roylace, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sold at 5-&-10, neighborhood, department stores.

It's so easy to decorate all bare or drab shelves! Go to any 5 and 10¢, neighborhood or department store. Buy 9 whole feet of gaily patterned Royledge shelving, for 6¢.

Easy to put up. Simply lay down the flat surface and fold over the colorful "doubl-edge." Holds without tacks . . . won't curl in steam or heat.

Easy to keep clean. No laundering necessary. Wipes with damp cloth.

Easy to change, whenever you please. It's fun to choose a crisp new pattern—a bright new color scheme.



New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



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1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



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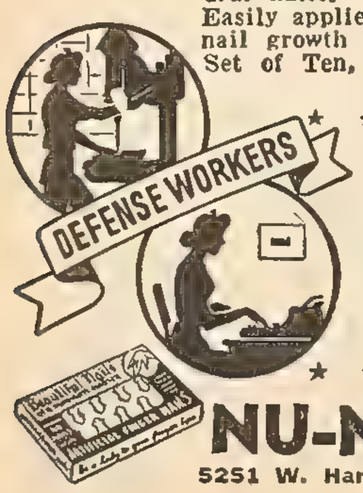
39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.



NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

So natural they even have *half moons.*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. **Will not harm nor soften natural nails.** Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.



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To protect your nails against injury — splitting, breaking, or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

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NU-NAILS *ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS*
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CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

girl who over-indulge, and I have an idea you'll do all right."

All of which made Carol seem very wise indeed, but it developed that she too had a problem. "Practically every USO dance I go to," she told us, "finds me accepting a date with a nice clean-cut looking lad who turns out to be a first-class wolf. How can you tell a heel from a good guy?"

"Right up my alley, Carol," grinned Beth, who was an R.N. at the Ford Hospital. "I fought 'em off for years when I was student-nursing. . . . Let's pretend this stunning sergeant asks you out. If you live at home, say that you'd like very much to see him again, and could he come to dinner at your house. Dinner with the family is the bona fide wolf's idea of a darned repulsive evening, so if he quails, don't trust him. If you're away from home, say, why yes, Wednesday would be swell, and how about ringing in John and Kay and Anne and Dick. If he's a nice boy, he'll probably say okay. If his face falls miles, he may be a nice boy or a heel."

Marion, who assembled instruments at the Chrysler plant, stopped downing Royal Crown Cola long enough to go into her troubles. "You'd think the last word had been said about necking, but I'm still all mixed up. It's gotten so now that every time Jim gets home from camp, all we do is smootch. It seemed so wonderful at first, but lately it bores me stiff, and I don't know what to do about it. You can't just suddenly get prudish, and anyway I keep thinking each time I see him may be the last, and wouldn't I be mean to give him a frost."

Mary of all people was the necking authority. "Out of the mouths of babes, and all that," she said, "but I'm really an oracle on the subject. In the first place Marion, you can't be too crazy about Jim or necking wouldn't bore you. Maybe you once were very much in love, and then you concentrated so much on smootching you never had a chance to talk, and your whole relationship stopped growing. Presto—boredom. As it stands now, you certainly oughtn't keep right on dishing it out when your heart's not in it. It seems to me you should tell him frankly the woo-bouts pall a trifle, and

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page 79*)

Set 3

1. Road shows
2. Blonde and beautiful
3. In the Dark
4. Fancy-free
5. Desperado
6. Sweetest Swede
7. Starred by Lamarr
8. Janny
9. Mrs. R.R.
10. Top-salaried at 20th-Fox
11. Siren
12. Army wife
13. Mature-d
14. Killer-diller
15. The "Major"
16. Dreamy-eyed
17. Mercury Player
18. "The Desert Song"
19. Gets the joint jivin'
20. "Maisie"

(*Answers on page 96*)



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
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DOCTORS WARN CONSTIPATED FOLKS ABOUT LAZY LIVER

IT IS SAID constipation causes many human discomforts—headaches, lack of energy and mental dullness being but a few. BUT DON'T WORRY—For years a noted Ohio Doctor, Dr. F. M. Edwards, successfully treated scores of patients for constipation with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable,* are wonderful! They not only gently yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but ALSO pep up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! Follow label directions.

2 Enlargements GIVEN!

ROLLS developed and printed. Two beautiful professional "Life-time" enlargements *given* with 8 prints. Or 16 sharp, clear prints. Or 8 large over-size prints, (deckle-edge if desired). **Only 25c.** Credit for unprintable negatives. **Reprints 3c each.** Fast 1 day service. Satisfaction guaranteed. **35MM Prices:** Ultra-fine grain developed and vaporated—3x4 inch prints—36 exposures $1; 18 exposures 60c.

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Brush Away **GRAY HAIR** *..and Look* 10 *Years Younger*

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

how's for taking a walk or something. If you're bored walking and talking with him, too, I'd say the stuff was no longer there, and the sooner he knows the better." Marion said she thought Mary had something, and then the smootching topic went on and on. Everyone agreed that necking is definitely here to stay, but that 1) you didn't have to neck to be popular. (In fact, the greatest smooch artists rarely get asked to anything really festive like the big game or the junior prom.) And 2) you don't neck with anyone you don't love. (Maybe a good-night kiss or two for poor Bob who takes you to such elegant places but nary a neck.)

A torchy-voiced girl named Barbara, who did little theater work and radio skits, brought up the subject of smoking. She asked if any of us had trouble with family vs. weed. A blond gal in an AWVS uniform said, "You ain't kidding, Babs. It's a major issue at our house." Her name was Ruth, and her parents believed that the road to hell was paved with cigarette butts. "Mine used to be, too," how's for taking a walk or something. said Barbara, "till I educated 'em." Seems she finally discovered that their attitude was a hangover from their youth, when only the shadiest of ladies smoked. They'd never gotten over associating cigarettes with lewd women. "So I kept showing them pictures of dames they considered only slightly less than the angels, complete with cigarettes. Greer Garson and people like that. One day I jollied Mom into trying one with me, and now our house is blue with smoke most of the time. Not really, of course, but blue enough."

There was a lot of general talk after that; the gist of which was that men are fiends, men are angels and war is hell. On which note we departed feeling infinitely more worldly-wise.

We're telling you all this because very likely you too have "dilemmas," and maybe some of the foregoing will help.

And we've got some incredibly sound advice for you, too! It's practically spring, and here we all are with our wintry wardrobes and our same old faces and no idea what to do about 'em. MODERN SCREEN has. Take a gander at that super-coupon on page 100 and take heart. Ever see a more lush list of charts? The fashion one is crammed with hints to help you look chic on a shoestring; the beauty one's filled with ideas for making you Lamarr-ish. Practically our pet is the horoscope (worked out by Grant Lewi, editor of "Horoscope," the world's most widely circulated astrology magazine).

More advice! Turn to page 82 and go to work on our brand new contest. All you need to win is a spark of imagination and about 20 spare minutes. You haven't a thing to lose and terrific things to gain—like a $1,000 war bond and a honey of a new spring coat and a stag-staggering dress. We can't begin to tell you about the $4000 worth of mouth-watering prizes, but give the contest a whirl, and betcha'll be seeing one of them for yourself. If you're feeling lady bountiful-ish, why not have a MODERN SCREEN contest party? Have some of the girls in of an evening. Equip them with pencils, paper, MODERN SCREENS and envelopes stamped and addressed to MODERN SCREEN. Give 'em a half hour or so to ponder, then pop their brainchildren into the mail and dash back to your house for Royal Crowns, cookies and small talk. That's our idea of a pretty de luxe ladies' night.



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Painful home-paring may leave core in your toe!

• It's just good common sense to realize that the core of a corn left in your toe may act as a focal point for *renewed development.* Medicated Blue-Jay, on the other hand, not only helps relieve the pain, but gets after the *core*—helps remove the corn. And it *works while you walk in comfort!* Blue-Jay costs only a few cents for each corn. Get it today at any drug or toilet goods counter.

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Home-paring or "whittling" corns usually removes only the top, leaves core behind.



Blue-Jay medication gently *loosens* the corn so it may be easily removed.*

BLUE JAY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK

SMILE, PLEASE

(*Continued from page 55*)

no spot is neglected, mark off your entire mouth into small areas of two or three teeth each. The place to start brushing is on the inner surfaces of the lower teeth. This area is the most difficult to reach and the most important to clean thoroughly. Brushing it first, the bristles are firmest, and you will not be so apt to hurry the job.

Stained teeth may sometimes be remedied by this simple device. Put a little paste or powder on a piece of clean gauze, and rub the stained area with it. Never use anything harsher or you may injure the enamel. But don't fret if your teeth aren't white as sea foam. Could be that that isn't their natural color. Long as your biters are healthy and gleaming, they may be any normal shade which varies among those with an ivory, blue, pink or creamy cast.

Call upon your dental floss as an auxiliary to your toothbrush. Floss is important because it penetrates crevices that can't be reached in any other way. Pull the floss gently between the teeth, but be careful not to jerk it over tender gums. Easy does it!

Gums with a pale, whitish cast are not only unattractive but unhealthy. The easiest way to tone them is to brush 'em at the same time you're scrubbing your teeth. Lightly at first, more vigorously when the gums become firmer and regain a natural red color. If they are particularly lazy, massage dentifrice into them every night, using your finger wrapped in clean gauze. Firmly and evenly, draw little circles all over your gums . . . you'll be enthusiastic about the fresh, healthy feeling of your mouth.

we're your best friend

Even the most enchanting smile can't excuse a tainted breath! Does yours make you a gal to be admired on the side lines, but never whirled around a dance floor? Are you a composite picture of all the unhappy girls in the mouthwash ads? We are one to take a common-sense attitude and refuse to cloud the subject in hush-hush.

Halitosis does exist . . . but since there's no way of knowing whether or not you're guilty, the only solution is to get ahead of it, like the fastidious Hollywood beauties, by using a good mouthwash after every meal and frequently during the day. Don't just taste it; take a good mouthful and swirl it until your mouth tingles with freshness. Also, a good, strong mouthwash is particularly helpful in deodorizing breath after you've been smoking, drinking or eating volatile foods, such as onions or garlic.

your beautician, the dentist!

Your dentist isn't only the stern, white-coated man who says "this is going to hurt," and who goes ahead to prove it. He's a true beauty worker who can keep your smile bright and gleaming by removing stubborn stains and tartar deposits. He can plug tiny cavities before they grow to Grand Canyon proportions and, if you visit him regularly every six months, he can stop all inroads of decay. If you want a Hollywood-caliber smile, remember to keep your date with the dentist twice a year.

Since you will never have another set of pearly teeth, you can't take too much trouble to save what you have. If you must lose teeth, have your dentist replace them with bridges. Otherwise, the gaps

Beautify Your FORM Contour

Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same . . . . **safely, easily and positively.**

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Your flat bustline can be miraculously beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great **medically-endorsed** book, "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture." Adopt these simple, self-help measures at once and **your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . .** the proud glamorous curves which make you more desirable than ever.



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Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my $1.98 will be refunded.
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KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

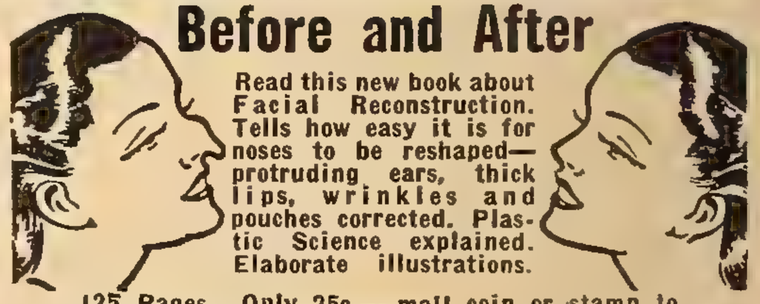
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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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may cause shifting of the remaining teeth, change the contours of your face and cause wrinkles and hollows.

food for beauty

An exclusive diet of chocolate sundaes will not only blur your silhouette, it will dim your smile. 'Sfact. What you eat is vitally important to the health of your teeth. At meal times, you can particularly help or hinder your own precious pearls. For strong, healthy molars, star these foods on your menus: milk, eggs, butter, cheese, meats, whole-grained cereals and green vegetables. For a wonderful chin-firmer, chew a pack of chewing gum a day. It's a grand old American habit, but mind your manners! Don't chew with your mouth opened, please, and no gum-snapping.

stick to the rules

It's a small jump from teeth to lips so to make the lure of your lipstick last let's glance at a few of the simple rules. First wipe off all that old make-up with a dab of cold cream and a cleansing tissue. If some of the color has gone over the edge and persists in staying smeared, use a little astringent or peroxide on a pad of cotton. A thorough soap and water cleansing is a good suggestion.

Now outline both lips with either your lipstick, lip brush or pencil, working from the center of the mouth outward to the edges. If you want a deft professional touch, use a lipstick brush to paint your glamour on as the Hollywood stars do. It helps smooth the red out evenly to the corners of that pretty mouth. Then fill the outline in with your lipstick. Pat a little face powder over this make-up job and wet the lips to dissolve the powdery surface. A second application of lipstick is then in order (this insures it staying on). Lastly, press your lips against a tissue. The results, you may be happy to note, are no red stains on your hostess' glassware!

match-mates

Keep in tune with the times and match your lipstick to your rouge, powder and most important, your nail polish. The cosmetic counters offer you lip-rouge and nail enamel in harmonizing shades. Of course your lipstick should be in complete harmony with your skin-tones, your eyes and hair. And while you're about it, it's fun to match the color of your costume and new Easter bonnet to your lipstick. Although there are no absolute rules about what shades to wear with what, it's still a good idea to follow the basic color principles. Beware of contrasts and strive for harmony. For instance, if your spring print has rust or yellow tones in it, concentrate on the orange shades. If you favor the sky-blue to navy range, it will be a red-letter day for you when you saunter forth in one of the new fascinating blue-red lipsticks, the kind that has no purplish tint. The matching blue-red nail polish is pretty tricky, too.

match your smile

If friends say "you look like a picture," we hope they mean a talking picture! Nothing will blur the total effect of your pearl-white teeth and scarlet lips quicker than a "dese, dose and dem" vocabulary . . . for beauty's sake, watch your grammar! Drag down a dictionary to check pronunciations, when in doubt.

And with your lips and teeth so beautiful, please don't be stingy with smiles! You'll be merry if you follow the beauty rules for pearl-bright teeth.

Give your face and throat this thrilling "BEAUTY-LIFT"



Helps Produce More Baby-Fresh, Smooth Firm Skin For Any Woman!

Here's one of the most beautifying creams in existence–famous Edna Wallace Hopper's *Homogenized* Facial Cream. You can actually feel and notice a remarkable difference even after the *first* applications.

JUST DO THIS: Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face, throat–always using upward and outward strokes. Press an extra amount of cream gently on any lines or wrinkles. Leave on 8 minutes. Wipe off.

Just see how marble-smooth your skin appears. Hopper's Facial Cream is far more ACTIVE – it lubricates dry, rough and faded skin better because it's *homogenized*. At any price–you simply can't beat Hopper's Facial Cream to help maintain exquisite lovely face and throat beauty thruout the years. Marvelous powder base, too! All drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

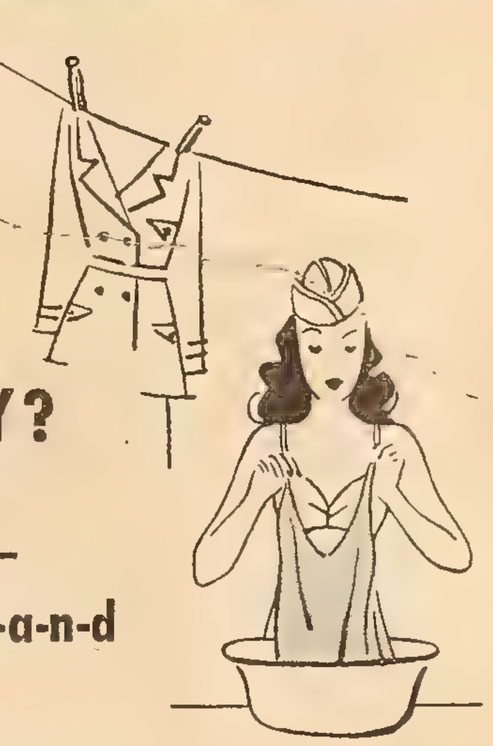
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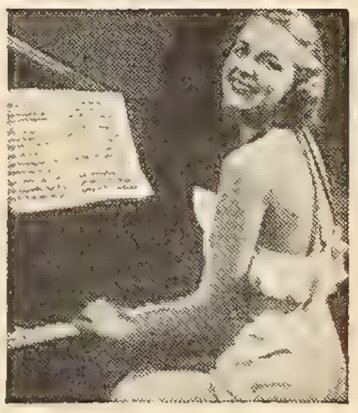
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RONALD REAGAN

(*Continued from page 37*)

for rush week, omitting to say he was taking his hoard along.

He helped lure some likely prospects into the frat. He unfolded his plans to some cronies.

"How do they hire announcers?"

"Search me. Give you stuff to read and hard words to pronounce."

"Say, Ronnie, wouldn't it be swell if they let you do that he's-up-he's-down routine—" This was a gag description of a game, worked out by Ronnie and put on to divert the gang.

"Not a chance," said he.

right tackle . . .

He lit out for Davenport, home of WHO. The program director was Peter MacArthur, pal of Harry Lauder's, prince among men. This Ronnie was to discover later. Now he saw a little Scotsman who walked with a cane and growled, "Where were you yesterday? We held an audition yesterday and hired a man."

Ronnie got mad. "How the hell do you get to be a sports announcer if nobody gives you a chance to announce?"

Halfway down the hall he heard Pete after him. "Did you say *sports?*"

"That's what I said."

"Do you know football?"

"Played it for eight years."

"Come on back here. Now look, can you tell me all about a game and make me *see* it? Okay, plank yourself down in front of that mike. I'll listen from the control room."

Ronnie's mind flashed back. Wouldn't it be swell if they'd let you do that he's-up-he's-down routine? Not a chance. Well, here was the chance.

For 15 minutes he stood there, broadcasting the final quarter of a game they'd played last year, with a touchdown in the last 30 seconds. He had that cold wind whipping through the stadium, long black shadows settling over the field, people beginning to drift toward the exits. Then, "He's down, he's *up*, he's got the ball on the 38-yard line—he eludes the tacklers and he's off—at the 15—at the 10—at the 5—the safety man makes a lunge to stop him—by some uncanny twist of the hip, he's clear—and he's *made* it!"

Mr. Reagan had given his all. A cold chill went whipping through him as he dropped into the nearest chair.

Enter Pete. "Can you get down here a week from Saturday? You'll broadcast the Iowa-Minnesota game. We can't pay much. Five dollars."

He spent the next 10 days at high school football practice, mumbling to himself up in the stands, describing play after play to thrilled, if non-existent, crowds. Between times, he'd prowl. Where was the catch? There had to be a catch somewhere. No one was picking a green guy out of the air and handing him an important game.

They weren't either. They were handing half a game. Maybe a quarter. "You'll alternate with So-and-so here," said Pete. So-and-so was an experienced man. Let the kid take the first quarter. Then if he's lousy, we can throw him out.

Pete sat behind him, so he could listen and watch at the same time. Ronnie stuck to facts. If a guy was tackled on the field, he was being tackled at the mike within a split second. Ronnie didn't have to invent. This was his empire. He didn't have to be nervous. This was his very meat and drink.

I HATE GRAY HAIR!



Of Course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

These fears are so needless! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, *proving* its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness — *today!* Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—*insist on the original.* Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

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LET'S look at it this way, mister. You're doing all right, now. You still have your home life. You still have your job. Chances are you are making more money than you ever have before. Sure, you have a lot of worry. Taxes are terrific. Prices are high. Rationing is a nuisance. But so what? You're *still* well off. Better off than any average man in the world, outside of the U. S. A. Better off than a lot of your countrymen, too. How about those eager youngsters, giving up their futures? How about the older men with wives and children, now far from home? Mister, *they* are giving everything. But you, you're lucky—luckier than you know.

BUT, it's *your* war, too. Your money, your property, your savings, your insurance won't be worth a hoot—IF we lose. Ever think of that? Your money is awfully important now, though, to help win. Your government needs it, urgently. So how about it? Buy those war bonds—buy them regularly, every pay day. Ten per cent should be your minimum—and a little extra now and then. After all, war bonds are the *best* investments you can make—an investment in your country's future. And don't forget, mister, it's *your* future, too.

forward pass . . .

As he listened to So-and-so through the second quarter, an exultant thrill swept him. So this guy was an expert. So he knew radio and he knew how to talk. But in order to describe football, you've got to know the game, and this guy didn't know the game.

Fifteen minutes of between-halves color. Among his little stack of notes So-and-so was fumbling for fillers, playing for time. Ronnie plucked up courage. "If you're stuck, I've got some stuff I can fill with."

"Go ahead." Nice guy.

He'd worked it out beforehand, just in case. People wanted a clear picture.

Pete gave him the nod for the third quarter. This time he really tore into it. This was a pipe. He'd weighed himself in the balance and was not wanting. The ham in him loved it. He hated the thought of turning the mike over. As the quarter neared its end, a note came sliding down under So-and-so's nose. Ronnie's eyes slithered over and caught the message. "Let the kid finish."

He did three more games at 10 bucks a throw, and that was all the games the station had contracted for. There might be a permanent opening in the spring. If there was, said Pete, he could have it.

Nothing else turned up. A couple of times he went down to see Lois. To cheer their hearts, he and another unemployed undertook a winter camping trip, and all but succeeded in freezing themselves to death. This gave them something to talk about, but failed to lift their spirits appreciably.

Then—it was like a corny scene in the movies—he'd taken his last five-dollar bill from his wallet to see whether maybe it wasn't a 10 by mistake, when the phone rang.

"Come on over," said Pete.

Now he was to thank Heaven that the Chicago audition had never come off. Ad libbing held no terrors for him. A commercial in his fist paralyzed his vocal cords. He read like a wooden Indian. "Fire him," said the boss. Pete tried to talk him out of it. "I said, fire him. He's okay for sports, but nothing else."

out of bounds . . .

So Reagan's world crashed and lay in ruins—for a week. Happily, they couldn't find another announcer. While they hunted, he was kept on. Once the pressure of making good was relaxed, he relaxed with it. From the time he started not giving a damn, he improved. Pretty soon they quit talking about a replacement. He was back on the payroll at 100 a month. Good money, too. You could buy a suit for 18.

The first thing he bought was a ring for Lois. Before the year reached its end, she had sent it back. Ronnie couldn't take it in, though there'd been hints and alarms which he'd refused to notice.

For eight years they'd shared a common background, common friends, common interests. Suddenly they found themselves in different worlds, one teaching school, the other caught up in the rush of a heady new life. They saw little of each other. Ronnie's job precluded even a two-weeks' vacation.

But why should that matter, he argued, having snatched enough time to run down and get things ironed out. They were still Lois and Ronnie. Once they were married—and pretty soon he'd be making enough for marriage—the bond which had always been there would recreate itself.

Lois didn't agree. On that note they parted, Ronnie still trying to persuade himself that things would work out.



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For eight years this girl had been his girl. It couldn't just be over.

Then he got her wedding announcement, and it hit him hard. She'd been woven into all his dreams of the future. Wrenching her out made the dreams look pretty sick for a while. But the fact was there. The door was closed.

Gradually, into her place, slipped the figure of an unknown girl. She might show up any time—tomorrow—next year—. For reasons obscure to himself, he built up the notion that he'd spot her on sight. He fell into the habit of scanning faces. That wasn't the girl—maybe the next one would be.

A miracle at the studio helped distract his mind from his woes. Unknown to Ronnie, WHO had been taking a flyer, building a 50,000-watt transmitter, the biggest allowed. In the spring they moved to Des Moines. Overnight, it seemed, Ronnie found himself sports announcer and in complete charge of sports on one of the most powerful stations in the country.

front page stuff . . .

Life became an exhilarating kaleidoscope of movement and color. He was on the inside, getting a glorious bang out of it all—broadcasting big league football and baseball, traveling back and forth to cover front-page sports events, meeting celebrities, sitting with great newspaper names in the press box, walking into dressing rooms where you first-named the coach and he first-named you and told you what he was afraid of in the other team. The raises kept coming. All of a sudden Dutch Reagan had a public. (He'd reached back into his fat babyhood for Dutch. Ronnie, he'd always thought, was a sissy name.) Des Moines and all the Middle West took him to its heart, and he returned the compliment. They paid him 50 bucks a throw to eat a club steak and talk about football at a high school banquet. He realized such ambitions as his own apartment, a Cadillac convertible, custom-made clothes.

Ft. Des Moines was the home of the 14th Cavalry. With a yen for horses, Ronnie'd never had much chance to cultivate their acquaintance. A reserve officer took him out to the Fort. The only way you could ride the horses was to enter as candidate for a commission. So he did, and got his lieutenancy three years later.

That was by the way. What he liked was the outdoors, the sense of comrade-

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page* 90)

1. Bing Crosby
2. Betty Grable
3. Ginger Rogers
4. John Payne
5. Glenn Ford
6. Sonja Henie
7. George Montgomery
8. Janet Blair
9. Jane Wyman
10. Tyrone Power
11. Marlene Dietrich
12. Kathryn Grayson
13. Rita Hayworth
14. Alan Ladd
15. Ray Milland
16. Charles Boyer
17. Joseph Cotten
18. Dennis Morgan
19. Betty Hutton
20. Ann Sothern



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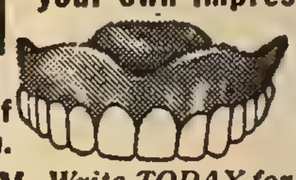
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ship—and he loved that horse. Sunday mornings. Riding out of the woods into the sunlight—the signal—the feel of your animal under you, belly to the ground, quivering with excitement—charge!—and over the hills you'd go. Carefree Sunday mornings—taking the jumps, 25 men abreast. (And three of them dead now in the Philippines.)

Ronnie, who'd never been west of the Mississippi, propositioned the studio. Let them pay his expenses, and he'd skip his vacation and go with the Cubs on their training trip to Catalina. It was a deal. He did his job, had a swell time in the process, fell in love with California and met Joy Hodges.

Joy was a Des Moines girl who started her career at WHO. Now she was singing with Jimmy Grier's orchestra at the Biltmore Bowl. "Be sure to look her up," the radio gang had told Ronnie. "She'll be crazy to see anyone from the home town." Oddly enough, she was. Or, anyway, Ronnie. They had dinner together and were old friends before they'd started on the soup.

He returned the following season. A hillbilly band from WHO had been brought out by Republic for an Autry picture. Ronnie dropped in at the studio to chin with them, and an old itch began to stir in his blood. Hollywood, even on Catalina, had been a chimera, but here were fellows he knew, making a picture. He spoke to their manager, who thought he could arrange a test. Ronnie went back to Catalina and forgot it—till a message came. When he got back to the mainland, he was to see a certain man at Republic.

He never got past the man's efficient secretary. "Why don't you give him a ring, say next week?"

"I won't be here next week."

"Well, you could check tomorrow if you care to."

He told Joy about it, more as a gag than anything.

"I didn't know you were interested."

"Neither did I."

She gave his face the once-over. "Take off your glasses. Say, that does make a difference." (He never gave his glasses a thought. Wearing them was second nature, like wearing pants. He'd discarded them only for football where, so long as you could make the guy's body out, his face didn't matter.) "Would you see an agent," Joy was asking, "if I made a date?"

"What can I lose?"

Next day she sent him to Bill Meiklejohn and George Ward. "They're swell eggs. They'll tell you straight if you're crazy or not."

These gentlemen listened while he sketched his history and financial status—doubling his salary, to be on the safe side. When he'd finished, Bill picked up the phone, called Max Arnow at Warners'.

"I've got a fellow here you should see—"

"Bring him in Monday." (This was Friday.)

"He's leaving for Des Moines Monday night."

"I'm leaving for Palm Springs this afternoon."

The persuasive Bill talked him into staying over. Next morning they went out to Warners'.

"Stand up," said Max. Ronnie stood up. "Is that your own face?"

"Only one I brought along."

"Turn around." He turned around. "Okay, we'll test Monday morning."

They took him to make-up and stood him in various lights, to hairdressing and insulted his college cut. They gave





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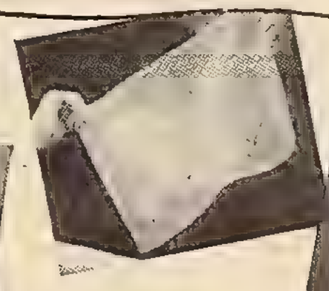
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him the script of a scene from "Holiday." They tested him Monday and said they'd let him know Wednesday.

"Imagine you can stay over?"

"The train leaves at eight, and I'll be on it." To Bill he said: "I'm trusting you. You know that my future's safe where I am. Don't get me out here unless you believe yourself there's a future for me here."

hollywood bound . . .

The wire came Friday morning. Warners' offered a contract, at slightly more than the fictitious figure he'd palmed off on Bill. Bill and George had seen the test. It was their considered judgment that he ought to accept.

"Sign the contract," he wired, "before they change their minds."

And one May morning he was climbing into his car, and two days after reporting to Warners', he was playing a radio announcer in a Brynie Foy quickie. Which was followed by a quick succession of quickies. Ronnie didn't know an A from a B. All he knew, he was leading man, and that suited him fine. (His B's, by the way, outgrossed "Zola" in the Middle West, where he continues to be billed as Dutch Reagan.)

Nell and Jack came out a couple of months later. Jack's heart had gone bad on him. Between doctors and family, he'd been bullied into quitting work. Ronnie got them an apartment near his. His contact with picture people was confined to the studio. He shared his social life with Little Man, Peewee, Will and Butch.

In Des Moines this quartette of young hopefuls had hearkened to his tales of the land of milk and honey, pooled their negligible resources and taken Horace Greeley's advice. They hadn't much more than a dime among them, and the milk and honey failed to flow their way. The five spent their evenings together. Ronnie sang bass in their barber-shop harmonies. He paid the grocer for their groceries, knowing better than to hand them the dough.

Came the day when Ronnie found himself in "Brother Rat," playing opposite a cute number named Wyman. "That's not bad," said he to himself and reported to the boys.

"Bring her around. We'll look her over."

His first romantically worded invitation ran something like, "I've got a date with the boys tonight. Want to come along?"

crowding out love . . .

Greater love hath no girl. For almost a year she dated quintuplets. They frequented joints with juke-boxes, where they could harmonize. They went to the beach and lay in the sun and swam. Sometimes Butch or Peewee would bring another girl along. But it never occurred to Ronnie to omit a couple or all of the boys.

Honest Jane makes no bones about having fallen in love first. Ronnie quibbles, says she just *knew* it first. Himself, he wore blinders, having lived so long with the conviction that, when he ran into the girl, thunderclaps would follow. Short of thunder it didn't count.

Jane has what is known as a spastic stomach. The wrong kind of food makes it act up. So do nerves. Ronnie's male imperviousness was getting her down. If he loved her, why didn't the lunkhead say so? If not, why didn't he quit dating her? She worked herself into such a state that the doctor shipped her to the hospital. No visitors. But Ronnie, of course, would come. Ronnie would know that no orders excluded him.

Ronnie didn't come. Ronnie sent flowers. The card read: "Speedy recovery. Ronald." Ronald! She shoved them off the bed before burying her head in the pillow. At that point she'd have sold him for a load of apples.

When he did show up, she gave him a wan hello. She looked very small in the hospital bed, and her brown eyes looked even bigger than usual—not to say more reproachful. He tiptoed over. "I wanted to come, but they said no."

This was more, in her weakened condition, than she could bear. Between hope delayed and wrath and hope revived—"I didn't know you were one of those legitimate guys," she wailed.

It was then that the thunder clapped. When he left the hospital, they were engaged.

Louella Parsons announced it on the personal appearance tour they took with her. And Ronnie's probably the only guy who went on a honeymoon to recuperate from pneumonia. The tour lasted three months, during the last five days of which he staggered out to the stage from a bed in his dressing room. His refusal to go to a hospital sent one medico stalking off the case. It wasn't so much that he felt the show must go on. But if he was going to be sick and maybe die, he wanted to be sick and maybe die in California. They put him to bed on the train, and he shoved his blind up at four in the morning, waiting for the skies to gray, waiting for his first glimpse of an orange tree.

At the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, he married the cute number three days after getting out of bed. She wore ice-blue satin. A long blue veil hung from her sable hat, and she carried a muff to match. Contrary to tradition, the bride was nervous, the groom wasn't. For one thing, he was busy holding Will up. Will was best man. He shook so, that the minister had to grab and steady him before he could get the ring out.

They drove to Palm Springs. After 60 miles, Jane piped up: "I don't feel any different."

If he could keep her from thinking, Ronnie had said on more than one occasion, theirs would be a cloudless life. This he discovered before their marriage re-discovered on the honeymoon.

They'd gone to see "The Great Victor Herbert." On the way home, Jane was suspiciously quiet.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. Such a sad picture. That man's career was ruined

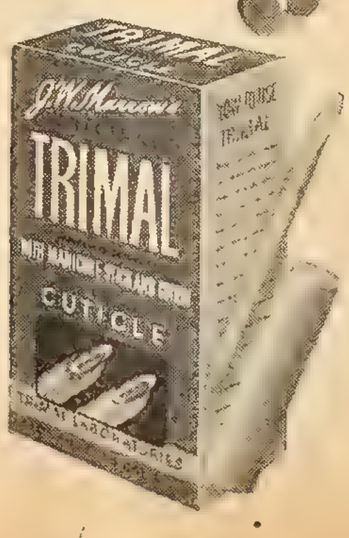
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because he got married."

This still didn't seem sufficient to account for a bride unnaturally subdued. "Look, Janey," this was before they went to sleep—"you're thinking, and that means trouble. Might as well tell."

No, there was nothing; truly there wasn't. She was tired maybe. She'd be fine in the morning.

At three A.M. he was wakened by a voice, tremulous but insistent. "Ronnie—Ronnie, darling—d'you think being married'll ruin your career?"

ronnie the gipper . . .

Had Ronnie been asked what part, of all parts in the world, he'd like to play, he'd have answered, The Gipper to Pat O'Brien's Rockne. For diverse reasons, he hero-worshipped all three.

He likes to remember that Jack went along to the premiere at South Bend—that he had a whale of a time on the train with that other grand Irishman, O'Brien—that for Jack, who kept his emotions well guarded, the whole trip proved such an emotional binge that he kept talking about it right down to the end. He saw Ronnie come into his own.

The elder Reagans lived in a small house, deeded over to them by Jane and Ronnie at the time of their marriage. The family was together again. Moon, having made a good start in the Middle West, went on with his radio career in California.

cloudy days . . .

Knowing how idleness irked his father, how he fretted against financial assistance, even from his sons, Ronnie turned his affairs over to Jack for handling. Nor was this a mere sop to his independence. As time went on, it grew to be a hefty job and kept him busy. That, and his garden and his granddaughter. Susabelle he called her. Meantime Jane and Ronnie were planning their own house. Soon Jack would have another garden to play with.

He died before the house or garden

EDITOR'S NOTE: Just to show you what kind of a girl Janie Wyman is, here's a little note from her that unexpectedly landed on our desk, thanking us for that gorgeous January issue cover:

JWR

My Dear Mr Delacorte—

It was a beautiful story, written only as Ida can write, I suppose you have guessed by now that she is our favorite. When I saw myself on the cover, and may I add very tasty cover I was never so happy—I have waited quite a long time for that day to come—

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FREE SALES KIT

MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER COUPON

● Last month we promised you that before long our Super Coupon would be staggering under its own weight, we've so many fresh ideas for it. We told you, too, that the purpose of the coupon was to enlarge our services so that MODERN SCREEN would become a fashion guide, beauty guide and veritable Man Friday. This month, like last, we've set down our offerings Indian file to make the checking simple . . . but we've added a perfectly priceless horoscope edited by Grant Lewi, also editor of "Horoscope," the world's best-selling astrology magazine. This we've priced at 10c; the others are 5c each, with the exception of the address list, which is free. Now let's say you check the boxes opposite the beauty chart and the fashion chart. That would mean a dime in either stamps or coin. When you've safely tucked the money and coupon into an envelope, address it to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Co-ed Beauty Chart No. 1 . . . . . ☐
An A to Z beauty guide designed to snag the guys on furlough.

Co-ed Fashion Chart No. 2 . . . . . ☐
How to wrestle with a midget fashion budget . . . what to wear and where to buy. Much bigger than our first chart and bursting with new fashion ideas.

Address List . . . . . ☐
A blessedly accurate listing of brand new studio addresses of all your movie favorites. (No charge for this one. Just send in large stamped and self-addressed envelope.)

Star Data . . . . . ☐
Last-second dope on the stars . . . marriages, ages, heights and just about all the other important facts you've been dying to know.

Western Chart . . . . . ☐
Real inside stuff on your "Western" heroes . . . all the way from birthdays to the color of their eyes.

Horoscope . . . . . ☐
The famous Grant Lewi burrows into the mystery of astrology, comes up with personalized predictions for the coming year.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

were ready. Had he lived as the doctors advised him, he might have lived longer—and more wearily. He wouldn't sit and twiddle his thumbs, not for any doctor. He'd rather rush than rust to death. So he worked at his desk that last day and dug in his garden and went up to call on Susabelle, whose parents had left her reluctantly for a personal appearance in Atlantic City.

He died in the night with Nell and Moon beside him. He went as he'd have chosen to go.

For a while Nell wanted to be alone in the house. Now her sister lives with her.

Then came "King's Row." The kid who'd told a bunch of scoffing frat buddies that some day he'd be making 5000 a year, was a top star in Hollywood, salary according.

Then a morning in December. The phone rang. Moon, calling from the news room of the radio station. "Get your gun," said Moon. "They've bombed Pearl Harbor."

As an officer in the Cavalry Reserve, Ronnie was ordered to March Field for a physical. Without his glasses, he couldn't meet combat standards. They sent him home. But there must be some spot, he persisted, for a guy with military training. In April they found it. He was to report for active duty, limited service.

If you've read MODERN SCREEN like good children, you know the rest and all that's been left out as a twice-told tale—how the baby came and the house was built, how Ronnie left two weeks after they moved in. How Jane readjusted her life. If you don't know it, let this be a lesson to you.

Because the story of Ronald Reagan, civilian, must end where the story of the soldier begins. He's stepped out of the limelight and into khaki for Uncle Sam. They used to call him "Ronnie" and "Dutch" and "Hi, Slug." Now they call him "Lieutenant" and "Sir." They used to call him "that swell guy Reagan." I suspect they still do.

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted we will beautifully enlarge any snapshot photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inch size FREE—with this ad. Please include color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural, lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original returned with your enlargement (a 3c stamp for return mailing appreciated). Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot or negative today. **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 543, 211 West 7th Street, Des Moines, Iowa**



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Charm-Kurl

PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* 59¢



JUNE LANG Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

SO EASY EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

USERS *Praise* IT

Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

GIVES NATURAL WAVE
"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

LASTED 9 MONTHS
"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY
"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL
"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful." Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

PERMANENT FAR ABOVE EXPECTATIONS
"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

THRILLED WITH CHARM-KURL
"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results." Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS
"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl permanent. It is soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD
"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost." Miss Betty Moultrop, Washington.



FAY McKENZIE starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave pictured above.

EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to $5.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE up to $1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to $1.00 . . . enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or $1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 373, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK TEST COUPON TODAY

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 373, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Wave set. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.

If you desire 2 kits sent COD for $1.00 plus postage, check here ☐

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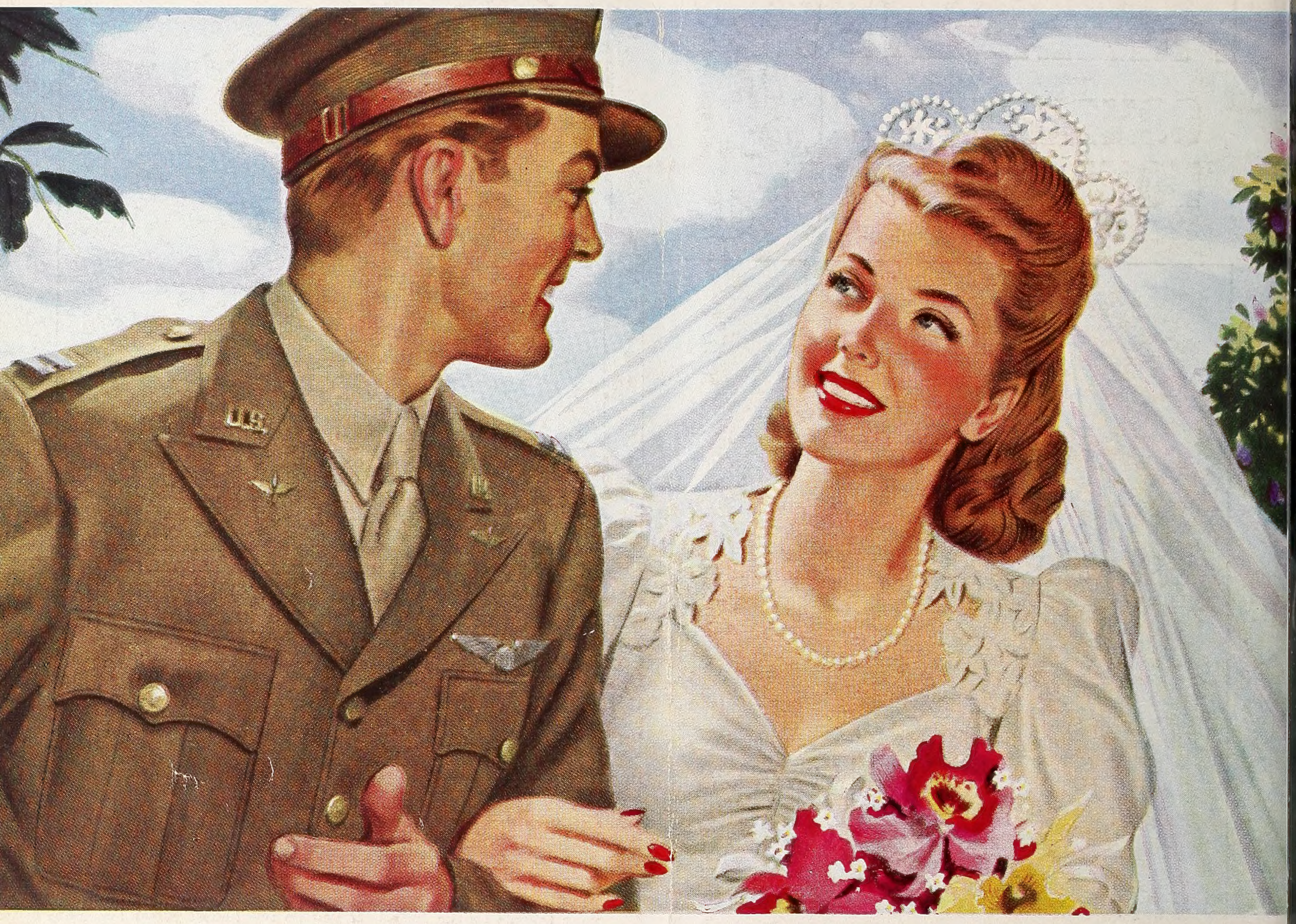
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If you send remittance with order we will pay postage.
Canadian orders must be accompanied by International Money Order.

She picked him right out of the Air—

thanks to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



Follow the Beauty Treatment of Charming Brides!



Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse warm—and if your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.

Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see your skin glow! Follow this routine twice daily. Day-by-day gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

Tonight—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

WHY NOT WIN thrilling new beauty for yourse
You can, so easily—on the Camay Mild-Soap D

Skin specialists say that you now—even without kn
ing it—may be cleansing your skin improperly. Or
may be using a soap not mild enough for your skin

These same specialists advise—*regular cleansing w*
a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens
other beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Start the Ca
Mild-Soap Diet tonight." Do this and soon your mi
will likely tell you—a thrilling story of new lovelin

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat

